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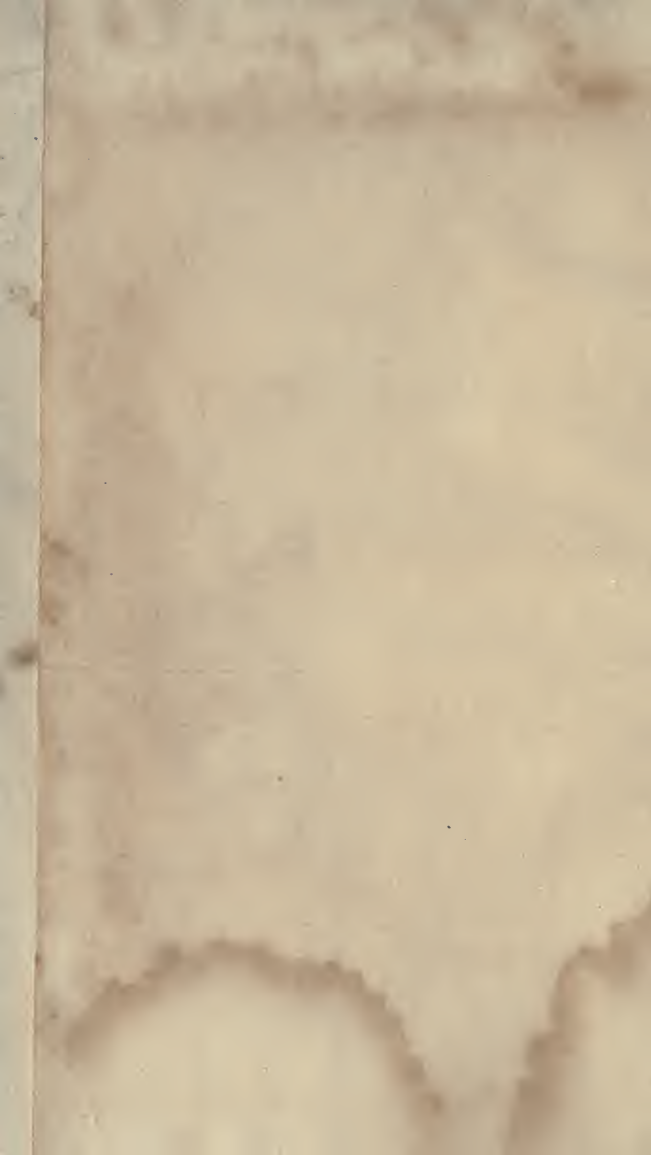
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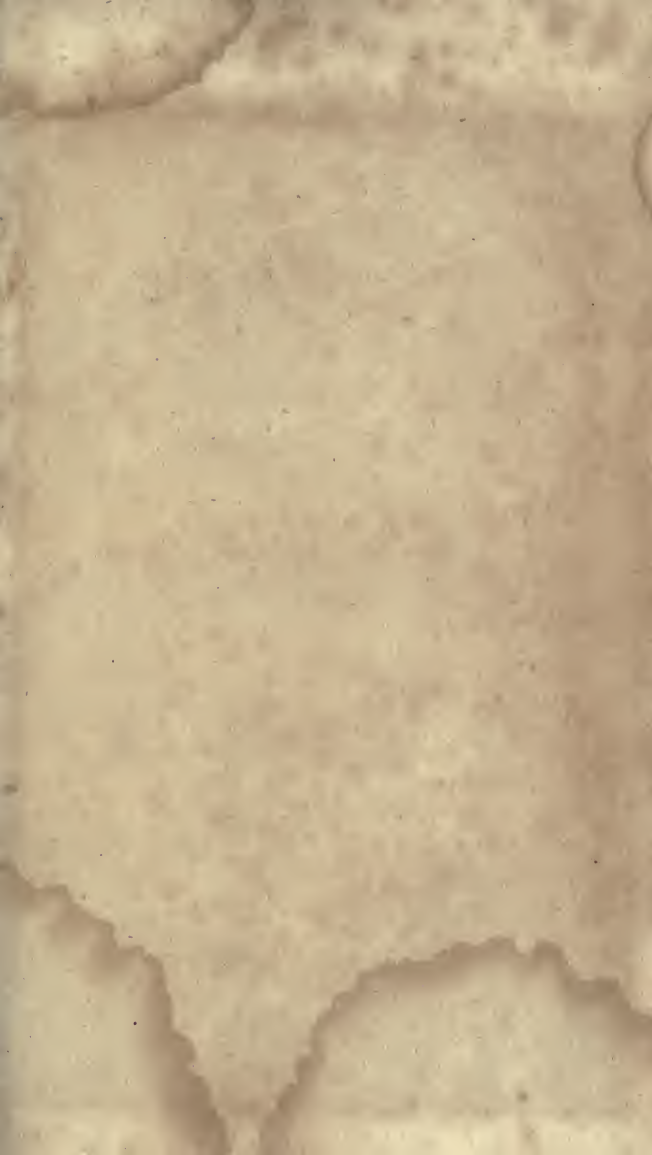
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W. H. W. 1846

W. H. W. 1846

THE
STRANGER;

OR, THE
NEW MAN OF FEELING.

“Time overthrows the illusions of opinion, but establishes the decisions of Nature.”

BLAIR'S *Lecture on Taste.*

“Where'er we turn, by fancy charm'd, we find
Some sweet illusion of the cheated mind:
Oft, wild of wing, she calls the soul to rove
With humblest Nature in the rural grove,
Where swains contented own the quiet scene,
And twilight fairies tread the circled green;
Dress'd by her hand, the woods and vallies smile,
And Spring diffusive decks th' enchanted isle.”

COLLINS.

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TO
WILLIAM DACRE AND GEORGE ELLIOTT,
ESQUIRES,
THE FOLLOWING DESULTORY TALE
IS FREELY INSCRIBED,
IN TESTIMONY OF THE AUTHOR'S
FRIENDSHIP AND UNFEIGNED RESPECT.

London, July, 1806.

Pentonville, July 8th, 1806.

DEAR SIR,

WHEN I recollect that the first dawning of my literary hopes was cherished amid the scenes of border achievement,* it affords me the greater pleasure in laying before you, as the lineal descendant of the *Lords of Gilsland*, a small but earnest pledge of my friendship, and of that respect, with which I am proud to contemplate the ancient house of *Dacre*.—That I have likewise annexed with yours the name of my young friend *Mr. George Elliot Scott*, is matter of honest pride to me; I respect him much, and I am confident his rising virtues will not only do credit to his own family, but ample justice to the memory of a deceased General, whose name he now bears.

With my best and sincerest wishes for the prosperity of your family, I am ever, my dear Sir,

Yours most faithfully,

J. C*****.

To *William Dacre, Esq.*
Kirklington Hall, Cumberland.

* Vide *Camden*, on the History of Cumberland.

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TO THE READER.

HOW far the AUTHOR is justified in submitting these desultory pages to a discerning Public, the work itself will best determine. He has drawn from nature only, and he feels conscious that his endeavors have been laudable. He writes not for emolument, nor for fame, yet he does not disclaim praise which is dignified and sincere. The beauties of the composition (if such there be) are his own, the faults those of the head rather than the heart.

TO THE READER

HOW many a nation is brought to ruin
by the hands of men for a moment
of time, the very day that they
have been made more and more
strong, and the world has been
made more and more beautiful.
The world is not for the moment, but for
the future, and the world is not
for the moment, but for the future.
The world is not for the moment, but for
the future, and the world is not
for the moment, but for the future.
The world is not for the moment, but for
the future, and the world is not
for the moment, but for the future.

THE STRANGER.

Blest were the days when wisdom held her reign,
And shepherds sought her on the silent plain.

COLLINS.

No more, but sit and hear the promis'd lay,
The gloomy grotto makes a doubtful day.

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

I WAS wont to rove from morn to eve on Liddall's flowery banks—pleasurable woodlands—delightful scenes—endearing prospects wild, ye are congenial to my soul! I will ever remember your venerated shades and your bold projecting rocks, overhung with variegated shrubbery. Here the purling, winding, luculent, then gloomy, river, in which the trout and sportive fry love to glide in wanton frolic—there the hanging woods chequered romantically—yonder the towering mountains, courting the ætherial blue expanse majestically. Picture these and other striking objects innumerable; the snug cottages and fruitful vales—picture these, ye soaring minds, and taste of pleasure ineffable. Such are the sylvan scenes on which I have so often ram-

bled, and such the endearing ties of memory, that I sigh to hold sweet converse with the Naiads that sport on thy banks, lonely meandering stream. For Oh! how often have I at the peep of morn, nimbly darted athwart the lawn—how often, when the meridian sun-beams press powerfully, reclined me in the moss-grown cell, besprinkled ever and anon with the dripping crystal—how often with the tapering rod elastic, cast the artful fly, well pleased the lusty trout to navigate. Oh how often have I, when the glorious orb of day sinks in the west, home returned, with meditative step, under the sombre shades of evening—happy—thrice happy in recounting over the adventures of the day. These are incidents lovely to the sympathetic heart, and endearingly entwined by retrospect.

It was my pride and my duty to enter the cottager's humble roof. From one of these meek sons of nature I one day learned, that a bountiful stranger had visited his cot, had enquired as to his family and employment—the replies were satisfactory, for the unknown gentleman accompanied his liberality with this advice—"Never cease to pursue, or rather, to do those actions which afford you heartfelt applause, when, after the cares and labours of the day you recline your head on the pillow. Teach your children obedience—shew them the bad effects of vice and the advantages of virtue—above all things teach them to be faithful to each other,

and grateful to that all-perfect Being who knows the secrets of the heart."

Sentiments of this nature and tendency are at all times impressive, but doubly so, under circumstances like the present; and surely if riches are worth grasping at, it must be to dispense them in beneficent actions: such, to me, appeared those of the stranger. Every day added praise to the unknown gentleman, whose sole care was to encrease the happiness of others. His beneficence too was the more beautiful inasmuch as it was sincere, and devoid of ostentation. It is not merely an action itself that is lovely or good. We ought justly to appreciate the motive, or principle, that produces that action; from a candid deduction of this kind we are enabled rightly to estimate men and manners. The conduct of the stranger was such as entitled him to our warmest acknowledgments, and I felt a powerful inclination to be more intimately acquainted with a character, whose behaviour not only claimed my admiration, but that of every one who heard it. A more than curiosity prompted me to the discovery of his residence; and, confident that the stranger had taken up his abode not far distant, I was all anxiety to discover the favourite spot.

How frequently do events revolve contrary to expectation, and how often does it happen that queries of the greatest import are discovered and solved by chance! It was in the latter part of June,

whilst indolently reclined under the spreading oak, reading my favorite Thomson*, that I was accosted by a gentleman, whose appearance at once indicated a something inexpressibly prepossessing. His eye

* May I here transcribe a few lines, or rather an apostrophe, to this amiable man : it is the heartfelt effusion of a youth who lately made a pilgrimage to the grave of our bard :

THOMSON.

Hail, "mild Nature's child!" Hail kind poet! for the tenor of thy life, like thy strains, was lovely and endearing. But ah! dost thou now sleep here in silence—or doth thy instructive muse slumber with thee in the dust—or doth this silent grave, which entombs thy gentle ashes, entomb likewise the essence of thy virtuous strains? What am I saying?—rather do they soar with thy mild soul to scenes of bliss and happiness! Dear to me is this spot in which are mingled thy ashes : dear to me the very plain stone which modestly canopies thy remains :—twice dear thy virtues, virtues simple as the rising flowerets, and innocent as the "virgin snow." Memory scans thy soaring, yet mild majestic wanderings. In spring thy arduous muse unfolds the opening bud, the oozing rills, the warbling loves, and the fair expanding whole. In summer, the wafting zephyrs, the gladdened hill and dale, the sun's potent and all powerful exhilaration. In autumn, with pleasing awe, the wise provision of Nature's God. In winter, thou outsteppest all efforts, and risest with thy theme sublime. And while to Newton's great mind thou payest the merited eulogium, to thy own thou entwinnest a laurel that will never fade ;—and whilst with daring wing thou singest Britannia's weal—of Liberty and Talbot—thou crownest thy name with unfading

darted a mild, yet striking penetration—his features regular, and his person well proportioned—his dress a flowing robe, somewhat like that of the clerical profession, and withal so plain and becoming, that I could not but admire the neatness and elegance of my unexpected visitor. Still more was I struck with his polite and engaging conversation. His remarks at this time were chiefly confined to the adjoining scenery, in course to the works of the immortal, the amiable bard. I listened to his conversation with avidity. He at length intimated that an engagement called him thence. He bade me farewell. My eye followed him through the thicket; I wished to mark his destination, but timidity forbade me to intrude. When the stranger had disappeared, a variety of reflections took possession of my mind. Well, thought I, perchance I may again meet with him; and from this hope I derived consolation.

THE SHEPHERD LAD.

On my return home, I was delightfully entertained with the sound of distant music: the hills re-echoed with the fascinating melody, again the warbling notes float in the dale, again sigh they with the

lustre, a lustre that envy and pride cannot tarnish. Peace to thy ashes—dear gentle bard! Adieu—again adieu, dear monitor of my youth!

gentle zephyr. Methought some kind Geni had deigned to captivate this wild romantic district. I walked towards the spot from whence the harmony proceeded : I discovered a shepherd, indolently reclined on the grass, his dog lying a few paces from him, and his flock feeding on the oderiferous thyme. As I approached the reclining swain, a thousand pleasing ideas rushed upon my recollection ; and thus, said I, lived they in Arcadia—thus lived our primitive fathers—they lived in quietude, and were happy. I thought me on Theocritus, on Virgil, and on the poets of our own times. Peace to their ashes, said I, and fame to the memory of those who now chant the joys of rural happiness. “ To whose ashes,” enquired the shepherd “and to whose fame ?” To the bards who have sung, and who sing the pleasures of a rural life, said I. “ Peace and fame to their memory,” rejoined the swain. You are happy, my lad, said I. “ I live in solitude,” said he. You envy no one, said I—the shepherd looked mournfully—surely envy does not find a place in your heart, said I. “ Then it does in my head,” said the shepherd. Why in your head ? said I. “ I love Peggy, (said the lad,) but Peggy loves not me.” And doth this make thee unhappy ? said I. “ Wretch that I am, I wish my eyes had never seen her,” said the shepherd. His fixed thought, and downcast woe, betokened a love-sick heart. Fare you well, shepherd, said I—the lad looked pitifully,

took his pipe, and again tuned a plaintive air. And is it thus, said I, as I musingly left the shepherd, that love pervades every scene, and every clime? Is it thus, said I, that each inhabitant of earth feels, more or less, cause for disquietude?

Not only man's imperial race, but they
That wing the liquid air, or swim the sea ;
Or haunt the desert, rush into the flame ;
For love is lord of all, and is in all the same.

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

I next morning rose by the dawn ; nature seemed animated by repose. There was in all around a mild, a grand, a picturesque display. The silver dew covered each floweret, and the grey, then blushing east, proclaimed with happiest tint the mighty orb of day. With the rising lark my thoughts ascended to the most high ; warmed with gratitude they expanded, and I felt joy unutterable. In this happy reverie, whom should I meet but the very stranger with whom I so ardently courted an acquaintance. Pleasing was his hail of welcome. Corvinus (for this is the name I assign him) assumed the familiarity of a friend. We wandered amongst the glens, now listening to the warbling songsters, the purling brook, then in raptures extolling the works of Nature ; or rather the works of Nature's God. Corvinus expatiated with uncommon warmth on the advantages of solitude, the pleasures of a country life, and the joys so

inseparable from innocence. Solitude is not without its advantages: it is in solitude we form those dignified resolves which add a strength, a stability to the human character. It is in solitude we calmly meditate on the actions and the impulses of our own natures—hence we discover the beauty of virtue, and the deformity of vice. It is in solitude too we learn justly to appreciate the vanity of worldly gratifications; and hence we bend our minds to the adoration of, and fix a firm reliance on, the *Great Supreme*. But be it remembered that man was not formed for solitude alone: We were made for society, and it is our duty to benefit and ornament society by active virtue. As to the advantages of a country life, they are indeed so very evident that few dare deny them. For my own part I have felt the joys so connected with a rural life, that I am disposed to think the golden age, as painted by the poets, existed in reality.

Lost to our folds, for so the fates ordain,
 The dear deserters shall return again.
 Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs are clear,
 To lead the train, sweet Modesty appear:
 Here make thy court, amidst our rural scene,
 And shepherd girls shall own thee for their queen:
 With thee be Chastity, of all afraid,
 Distrusting all, a wise suspicious maid.

* * * * *

Yet 'midst the blaze of courts she fix'd her love
 On the cool fountain, or the shady grove;

Still with the shepherd's innocence her mind
To the sweet vale, or flow'ry mead reclin'd ;
And oft as spring renew'd the plains with flow'rs
Breath'd his soft gales, and led the fragrant hours;
With sure return, she sought the sylvan scene,
The breezy mountains, and the forests green.
Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band,
Each bore a crook, all rural on her hand :
Some simple lay of flocks and herds they sung ;
With joy the mountain and the forest rung.
Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd !

COLLINS.

The stranger politely expressed his coincidence to these propositions ; but methought I saw a tear besprinkle his manly cheek : it was the tear of a noble mind, which was soon composed. I wished much to have sympathized with him in his sorrows. I am certain that Corvinus anticipated my feelings. “ My young friend (said the stranger) you speak of virtue as a thing in itself endearing to the world—you consider it as tantamount to every other possession. You speak of men's duties without knowing the motives, the ruling principles of man—at least those principles which shew themselves in the world. You have seen human nature in the best attire, and you are candid enough to believe that she always is dressed so. Ah ! that experience may never teach you that virtue is not its own reward. Ah ! that you may never see humble merit trampled with

the dust—nor consummate villainy placed on the eminence triumphant. Just God ! thou, and thou only, knowest the secrets of the heart—its a consolation—by *Thee* goodness will not go unrewarded.” Corvinus spoke this with a warmth—with an emphasis so pregnant with sincerity, that I felt from that moment interested in his fate. The stranger honoured me with an invitation to visit his cot, and this condescension was to me a source of infinite pleasure.

Retirement thus presents my searchful thought,
What heaven inspir'd, and what the muse has taught.

* * * * *

Come contemplation, whose unbounded gaze,
Swift in a glance the course of things surveys ;
Who in thyself the various view canst find,
Of sea, land, air, and heaven, and human kind ;
What tides of passion in the bosom roll ;
What thoughts debase, and what exalt the soul.

SAVAGE.

Musing in this manner I returned to the home of my father, and on the ensuing morn, bent my steps to the habitation of the stranger.

—— Hence ! from the bounteous walks
Of flowing spring, ye sordid sons of earth--
But come ye generous minds—
—— Like silent Heav'n, surprising oft
The lowly heart with unexpected good.

THOMSON.

I entered the humble roof, and was by Corvinus received with much warmth. With a sort of pleasing astonishment I surveyed the few ornaments that decorated the building: books were the principal, and on them our conversation chiefly turned. Corvinus evinced a thorough intimacy with the classics, and no less convinced me that our English authors of eminence had not escaped his minute perusal. His observations and criticisms were acute yet liberal, and his philology no less profound than charitable. To history he attributed much praise. He said it was the grand magazine, the gallery of the world, from which we may incessantly extract true and valuable information. Biography and moral pieces merited his mead of approbation; and poetry he contemplated as an enchanting goddess, presiding over the finest feelings in our nature. As to novels and romances, "they were (he asserted) a source of poison, and a dangerous vehicle, by which vicious principles were widely promulgated; good productions of this kind there might be, but few there are; and those very few get musty in our libraries, while the more flimsy effusions of a corrupt mind are read with avidity." Speaking of authors, Corvinus said, "they were unquestionably a class of beings who merited well of society, but who too frequently deviated from the very maxims they laboured to establish. Their maxims were the grave meditations of the closet—their actions

—the wild impulse of human passion and of human infirmities.

We partook of some simple food prepared by an aged attendant, and gratefully enjoyed the diet of innocence and health. Few are our wants, if we could only be led to believe so. The features of mine host sparkled with delight and affability—
“ My young friend, (said the stranger,) you must consider the tenor of our acquaintance no less romantic than singular; but when I unfold to you a portion of my own history, I am confident you will not accuse me for thus secluding myself from the bustling haunts of men; nor will you, my young friend, condemn me as a recluse, when you are more fully acquainted with my misfortunes and resolves.” I was impatient to hear him proceed. Corvinus, pressing my hand, observed, “ that the day was considerably advanced, and the impending clouds threatened a torrent of rain which might impede my passage home; he therefore begged to recite the occurrences of his life at some future period—and let that period be soon,” added the stranger. I acknowledged myself honored by his confidence, and intimated a wish to meet him on the morrow, to which Corvinus readily assented.

Say then through ages by what fate confin'd
To different climes, seem diff'rent souls assign'd;
Here measur'd laws, and philosophic ease,
Fix and improve the polish'd arts of peace;

Their industry and gain their vigils keep,
Command the winds, and tame th' unwilling deep;
Here fierce and hardy deeds of blood prevail,
Their languid pleasure sighs in ev'ry gale.

FRAGMENT BY GRAY.

I need not, my gentle friend, tell you how ardently I conformed to the appointment. The stranger greeted me with a look full of cheerfulness. We reciprocally descanted on the beauties of the rosy morn. The great orb of day had just rose in splendor—the eastern mountains were enchantingly illumed by his glorious presence, and the dew-besprinkled lawns with the embosomed woods, hailed his approach with a sort of joyous sympathy. Were but the indolent susceptible of those finer emotions which warm the soul to love and extacy, surely they could not sacrifice, by far the most pleasurable part of the day, on the nervous bed of sloth. I watched the eye of Corvinus—it was big with expression—he caught my hand, pressed it, and with a more than usual penetration seemed to note my disposition. “ Well, my good sir, (said the stranger) you must know my father resided in the south of England, on the hereditary estate of the family. He inherited no small mixture of that blood which flowed in the veins of our English barons. He gloried in his independence—was eminently distinguished in the English commons, for integrity and manly perseverance. In the cause of justice, li-

berty, and truth, he ever shone a generous and warm advocate. My dear affectionate mother was a lady distinguished for conjugal fidelity, filial affection, and good sense, more than as a votary of fashion. She delighted in the diffusion of private good ; and felt greater pleasure in attending to the education of her two daughters, than can possibly arise from an intercourse with the voluptuous gay, who to use the language of the poet

“ Spend their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth.”

She, dear departed lady, courted the pleasures of domestic life, the joys and virtues of which ever give a bountiful reward. Under the immediate eye of my parents I received the first rudiments of my education. My preceptor was the venerable pastor of the parish, than whom there could not be a better man. May I be permitted to drop a tear to his irreproachable memory. Good Acasto, I remember thee well—well I remember thy many innocent anecdotes—thy many serious admonitions—and more, the tenor of thy own life, which was truly a model of goodness, and a striking proof of the lovely effects of religion when practised with genuine sincerity. With such parents, and assisted by such an able preceptor, I might have remained happy—might have been less acquainted with man’s ingratitude, had not an old uncle been accessory to my attending the university. Having arrived at this

seat of erudition, I was assiduous in my studies ; but alas ! the ardor of improvement was in a great measure deprived of that emulous avidity which buoyed up the young mind, and that chiefly from the unceasing insinuations of students. They were apprised of my expectations in life, and many were the stratagems had recourse to in order to gain my compliance and support to indolent and vicious accomplishments. It afforded, and must afford, serious disappointment to every well-wisher of his country, that our seats of learning, wisdom, and elocution, should be so shamefully converted into a very school of idleness. It is really affecting to witness wise regulations and moral admonitions totally subverted by a conduct in the students derogatory to those very laws and admonitions. Degrees are too easily acquired—merit only ought to receive them. Modesty and temperance were rarely considered virtues, at least not professedly esteemed so by my university compeers. To exemplify this unwelcome truth allow me to relate the following anecdote :

“ A young gentleman, whom we shall call Fabius, possessed a good heart, a comprehensive mind, an acute judgment, an imagination vivid ; in fine, he was, in my opinion, a very constellation of genius ; but in that of our young bloods a mere plodding book-worm. His name was seldom mentioned but with disrespect. I was present one evening when the character of this ingenious young gentleman

was loaded with opprobrium. I made it my duty to convince his accusers that their assertions were no less illiberal than false, and was myself most unhandsomely treated. It was in vain to reason with those bubbles of no reason. My name must either have been arraigned with cowardice or my antagonist challenged. Did we at all times, more particularly in the moment of passion and danger, collect the real intrepidity of our souls, we should then face danger with confidence, and quiet our turbulent nature by the dictates of wisdom. I told the intemperate youth that should I premeditatedly become the instrument of his death, I certainly committed murder—and even (said I) should you chance to dart the sword or bullet so as to deprive me of life, you not only commit murder, but I must hereafter account for that life which it was my duty to have preserved. Conformable as was my conduct in this affair to equity and humanity, it nevertheless drew upon me nought but derision. The vacation at length arrived, and I returned to my father's, with a firm resolution of not revisiting a seminary where false honor had so eminently the ascendancy.

“In forming this resolution I confess that many contra arguments and fears presented themselves to my ardent but inexperienced judgment, yet maturer years have evidently sanctioned my choice, and I am more than ever convinced that the purest and the

noblest dictates are those which arise simply from nature.

“ My father was well acquainted with the human disposition, and knew how to appreciate things. I frankly assigned to him my leading motives for relinquishing my studies at the university. He even commended me for acting as I did. ‘ Only, my boy, (said he,) methinks you ought to have chastised your traducer—but I well know that your forbearance arose from other principles than fear.’ As to my uncle, he frowned—he accused me of pusillanimity. I allowed the old gentleman to vent his feelings; indeed it is in vain to expostulate with men of his disposition. Though thus derided by my uncle, my residence at E——m Castle was nevertheless rendered desirable by the kindness and affection which I experienced from my parents.

“ More than twelve months elapsed, which I chiefly devoted to scientific and literary pursuits. I had now acquired a tolerable knowledge of books; and, as a sort of relaxation from study, used either to range out with my gun, or angle patiently for the spotted trout or silver fry. Not far distant from my father’s resided ’Squire E——; I had frequently seen his only daughter Amelia: she was beautiful; and methought her disposition accorded with the symmetry of her person. I listened to her conversation; to me it appeared the language of a good heart. For the first time a kind of anxious palpita-

tion assured me that love was a resident some where in my breast; every day entangled me more and more in its pleasing snares. I sensibly felt its effects; they pervaded the inmost recesses of my heart, and from my soul I adored Amelia—to me she appeared angelic. I soon obtained my parent's consent to my addresses. The 'squire prided himself in the expected alliance. Amelia plighted an inviolable attachment. So far all proceeded smoothly, and I was happy—but the happiness of lovers is frequently of short duration. It is of all pleasures the most visionary, or the most refined—it is like a dream that vanishes quickly, or the fleeting sunshine that glides o'er the meadow.

“ Whilst ruminating one evening on the beauty and accomplishments of my love—whilst picturing Amelia as incapable of change—at the very moment I considered her all that was perfect and amiable, what should be given me but the following letter, which in an instant electrified my whole frame, and filled my soul with the most heartfelt grief:

‘ HON. SIR,—With the most poignant sorrow I inform you that Amelia E—— has dishonored her father, ruined her own reputation, and rewarded your affection by an elopement with Col. R. son of Lord D——. As you value your honor and happiness, never more think on the vain, inconstant woman.’

“ Good God! (exclaimed I) it cannot—it must

not—nay, it shall not be. In the paroxysm of my astonishment, I vented nought but imprecations against the writer of this dreadful note. I darted home, ordered my horse, and almost flew to the seat of my charmer. I dreamt only of meeting her smiles. Alas! sorrow pervaded the mansion of my intended father-in-law. I scarce dared to enquire for Amelia—her mother was bathed in tears—‘Oh Charles,’ said she, ‘my daughter—my lovely girl is gone—she is lost—her father has, for these two days past, been in search of her!’ My blood chilled—I scarce could summon fortitude to bear up against the sudden shock. Amelia gone, and no one knows where!—become the pale victim of a man whom I well knew would ‘cast her on the world’s wide stage’—robbed of her honor—robbed of every thing dear and valuable to the fair. Revenge fired my breast—I wished to extirpate from the earth a vile seducer. A few days elapsed. My breast continued to beat in phrenzy—I still loved Amelia, although she had dared to violate every tie of honor, love, and virtue. When insult is blended with ingratitude (as will appear by her following note) who can forgive? I could not—yet still I pitied—

‘SIR,—I never think on your passionate professions, without smiling at your vanity.

‘AMELIA E——.’

“This letter sensibly abated the ardor of my love,

by arousing in my mind a due regard to my own importance. But ah !

‘ Let none with heedless tongue from truth disjoin

‘ The reign of virtue ——.’

“ Col. R. after rendering Amelia subservient to his pride, and the basest of passions, discarded her for ever. She became poor, hapless, and impressed with shame and contrition : the remembrance of a happy past, and the frowns of a gloomy future, burst in upon her mind. She summoned pride, fortitude, and a kind of conscious virtue—all—all could not banish impending misery. She wrote to her father—painted her distresses—and humbly implored his forgiveness. The tender feelings of the parent prevailed—the good old gentleman flew to her relief—he embraced her as his child, but could not consent to her immediate return to that home from which she had so imprudently eloped. Indeed he did better—he provided the unfortunate fair one with every necessary, and accompanied her to the roof of a happy family, who were unacquainted with her folly. But alas ! poor Amelia soon fell the victim of grief—she reflected on her past conduct—she felt inward anguish—she died ! Peace to her gentle ashes !

“ But let us try these truths with closer eyes,

“ And trace them through the prospect as it lies ;

“ Here, for a while, my proper cares resign’d,
“ Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind ;
“ Like yon neglected shrub, at random cast,
“ That shades the deep, and sighs at ev’ry blast.”

G—TT.

“ Love, when established, as was mine for Amelia, is not easily obliterated. Even to this moment there is about my heart a throbbing something that calls the unfortunate fair one to my recollection with a kind of tearful remembrance. Such is the effect of love ; and such the finest emotions, or sentiments, which embellish life. They are sometimes agonizing, but then this very agony is endearing.

“ By woe the soul to daring action swells ;
“ By woe, in paintless patience it excels :
“ From patience, prudence—dear experience! springs,
“ And traces knowledge through the course of things !
“ Thence hope is form’d—thence fortitude, success,
“ Renown—whate’er men covet, and caress.”

“ From these conflicts of passion are we instructed in our duties. They are storms that agitate, but they are storms also that exalt and harmonize our feelings. Even unhappiness itself may, and indeed often proves a happiness, when we least expect it. The ancient and the modern philosophers have alike admitted, that an uninterrupted enjoyment belongs not to mortality. Plutarch, speaking on this head, says,—‘ that the Gods never intended that man should taste unalloyed the good-things of

this world.' A portion of good and of evil seems distributed to all mankind; and, according to the doctrines of the Pythagorians, it may fairly be admitted, that the man who is most virtuous, most resembles God; and consequently, that he who is the most virtuous is the most happy.

“ My mind resumed its wonted serenity, and I bent my thoughts to the study of astronomy and natural philosophy. Hence were my views expanded. I contemplated with reverence and delight the wonderful works of creation, and in them I beheld the perfections of the Deity.

“ About this period, the duties of a legislator called my father to the metropolis, and thither I accompanied him. We find in London an immense collection of curiosities well worth the attention of the man of letters and the philosopher. It is here the arts and sciences are liberally supported—it is here they flourish—it is here they meet with kindly nourishment—it is here they grasp at perfection; and hence commerce wafts her active wings to the distant shore. Renowned, and justly renowned, as is London as a repository of the arts and sciences, it is alas! no less the bed of idleness and vice. The places of public entertainment are, in truth, a focus of vanity and perverted taste*. The theatres are

* A very important and evident change has taken place in the public mind, since these strictures were first offered

chiefly the vehicle of political or selfish motives; and the very religious institutions are poisoned with this mania—this fashionable buffoonery. To witness such praise-worthy institutions as are the Asylum, Foundling, and Magdalen Hospitals, assume the garb of dissolute chicanery, adds no pleasing reflection to the thinking mind. Neither can we behold the streets overflowed with the frail, the deluded fair, without feeling those poignant sensations which are the attendant qualities of a good heart*.

to the perusal of a friend. This was in the year 1797. The author was then very young, and perchance too ardent in that cause which he espoused, and felt anxious to maintain. It is pretty certain that the philosophy and the doctrines which became so prevalent at that time are nearly exploded. Even Godwin, that zealous champion of the new school, (so it was termed) has wisely and penitentially renounced the leading features of his sect, and in some measure made a generous atonement for his past errors.

* When I first knew Dorothea, she was then a lovely girl scarce sixteen. Nature had been bountiful—had adorned her delicate person with a most engaging symmetry, in true unison with beauty. Her eye black, yet soft and piercing—her forehead commanding, and prettily overshadowed with flowing ringlets—her teeth well set, and white as the ivory—her neck rising like the alabaster, from a breast enchantingly luxuriant. In short, Dorothea was a beauty of the “first order of fine forms,” and a most engaging damsel. Dorothea had lost her parents when a child, and was protected by a maiden aunt, who treated her with much ten-

We pity while we condemn, and we condemn in order to reform. By knowing the consequences of evil, we are, at least ought to be, steeled against the commission of it: hence the vast importance of

derness and solicitude. But Dorothea's beauty, like the fairest flower in the garden, proved destructive of her own happiness—her innocence too, only served to render her an easier prey to the ignoble designs of the seducer. A young gentleman of family and fortune had long pretended to woo her virgin love, with sentiments of the strictest honor. Dorothea's virtue and prudence baffled for a long time his perfidy, and like the watchful monitor secured her innocence; but this polished lover fiend-like meditated her woe, and although his plans oftentimes proved unavailing, at length did he accomplish his designs by the basest of stratagems. Dorothea, lovely but unhappy fair one, relied firmly on his sacred promises—on his oaths, and on his plighted engagements. She, dear damsel, knew not that oaths, promises, and engagements, are merely the dark subterfuges of the base and the abandoned—she, dear damsel, knew not, till too late, that the faithless seducer of her innocence called heaven to witness that promise he never meant to perform. Judge then of her agony, when that wretch, who had gained her affection and destroyed her happiness, dared publicly to revile her—and with impunity to boast of the advantage he had taken of her virtue and credulity—revenge, shame, fear, and grief, alike wrung her tender bosom. Her aunt, who had hitherto protected and instructed her, now became her bitterest foe. The old lady, stern in virtue, and conscious of her own fostering integrity, would no longer succour the deluded Dorothea, but cast her on the wide world. Poor Dorothea, abandoned and

education—hence every beauty and deformity in a common-wealth. The evils we now lament, may be justly attributed to the false philosophy of the day—a philosophy subversive of every thing that is valuable, and calculated only to crown the brow of vice with confidence, while it robs virtue of those lovely laurels with which she ought ever to be adorned. Futile as are the doctrines of the new school, subversive as they are to the harmony of society, and deformed as they appear in their own nature, still they seem espoused by the self-sufficient insects of the day with a more than common zeal. But to nourish them is to nourish an unnatural adder; they are painted dogmas that glitter for the moment; take from them there outward garb, and you shrink with horror from the monster*.

betrayed by her lover, disowned and scorned by her friends—poor orphan! no father, no mother, to whom she could fly for comfort or relief—bereft of every hope—only the wide and uncertain world to tread on. Unhappy girl, once the pride of the village—dear and lovely Dorothea, why didst thou, in a moment of desperation and phrenzy, hasten thy exit to eternity by a fatal potion? Oh! that heaven may pardon that deed irrevocable—and may thy fate, dear departed spirit, be a lesson to others—a lesson to the innocent maiden, and, if possible, a more impressive one to the libertine, who may so far forget his duty and his honor as to meditate the seduction of a helpless female.

* Sensible that there are some who may consider reflections of this nature too nearly allied to a cold philosophy,

“ Once more I returned to view the vernal beauties of the country. Two summers passed away in

to such the author, with deference and anxiety, would fain inculcate a more rigid adherence to the grand object and nature of public laws and public institutions. The author is also sensible that it is neither the duty nor the practice of any one who wishes well to society, to descry every little vanity or foible that may shew itself in the world. There are certain foibles which ought not to be severely censured. The philosopher and the moralist will with candour scan the infirmities and physical errors of humanity. But this they will do with care. They well know that phlegmatic aspersions from the misanthrope tend rather to nourish than lessen the vices. For vice is a repulsive quality, and that which meets it vehemently serves only to encrease its velocity. The weapons more immediately conducive to its extirpation are the milder powers of reason and of wisdom. They operate upon it, as doth the skilful pruning-hook of the gardener. They are more in unison with the nature of human passions, and consequently more productive of universal happiness.

FRAGMENT, FROM CHAPTER XIV.

Having thus analyzed the tenets and the writings of those philosophers who, to use the language of an eminent divine, “ had deluged Europe with their obscenity, derided every thing sacred, and boldly unfurled the banners of atheism ;” it is evident from the dubious and frantic morality of *Bolingbroke*, the unhinging cunning and subtilty of *Hume*, the resolute and fascinating erudition of *Gibbon*, the witticism and caustic vivacity of *Voltaire*, the tinselled sentiment

this happy situation : I say happy, for I felt so. I marked the progress of agriculture, and cherished

of *Rousseau*, the high sounding scepticism of *Frederic*, the depraved philanthropy of *Diderot* and *Mirabeau*, the futile and self-sufficient insinuations of *Volney*, and the vulgar equality of *Paine*—it is evident that a compound of their universal qualities, physical and metaphysical, constitutes the positive infidel.

But to believe that man was not formed for immortality, were to arraign the Omnipotent of ignorance, and degrade humanity by classing it with the brute creation. These modern philosophers, in their anxiety to dignify man, have produced an opposite sensation. They have blighted the very blossom, and by their poisonous and contaminating dogmas, disfigured that structure they wished vainly to adorn.

They descant with enthusiasm on the moral duties of man, without knowing what are his duties. They extol that citizen who renounces the endearing ties of consanguinity and friendship. They annex to villainy fame, and depreciate those motives and actions which are in themselves either noble or virtuous; and, at their own temple of atheism and folly, constitute new duties and new virtues. They array vice in the garb of virtue, laugh virtue to scorn, and attribute praise to immoral actions. They blush not to vindicate the murderer—they immortalize that *man* who dares to kill his own brother, who embrues his hand in the blood of his own children, who resigns his daughter to the cursed embraces of an indiscriminate croud, and who sacrifices the tenderest affections of nature at the shrine of *public weal*. In the name of reason, what is this *public weal*—this citizenship which they affect to extol—to worship as their God? Alas ! it is a gulph of error, a hell of anarchy.

the effort of industry. I delighted in administering to the wants of my fellow-creatures—their thanks, their praises, were a sufficient reward. How short-

They speak sophistically of the doctrine of gratitude, promises, and the love of country—but they speak only of these matters. Their high vaunting philanthropy is specious, but they are incapable of practising any one thing conducive to universal happiness. In the vanity and glory of their hearts they assert that religion is the mere worm of priestcraft, the bugbear of ideots, and treat the sacred Scriptures with contumely. Would these profound moralists and sarcastic philosophers attend more seriously to the duties and dictates of the revealed religion, would they practise for a while the Christian's part in good earnest, and coolly analyze the benign influence of Christianity, then might they be more disposed to cherish philanthropy, and to decide as judges on this important question.

Vanity and arrogance are their chief companions, and their sole support. The name of philosopher exalts them too much, and is only too flattering to their pride. Self-sufficiency accords with their arrogance, and is a tenet they espouse with avidity. They will not admit the infallibility of their own faculties, although the smallest atom far exceeds their comprehension. They pretend to an universal and a candid discussion of every principle in morals or in ethics, but in the discussion are most uncandid. Such the perversion of their faculties, such the leading dogmas of their sect, that their hearts are contaminated with vice, and their reason totally subservient to their pride.

The doctrine of materiality is one of their leading creeds. It accords with the very worst passions, is a grovelling wish, calms the fears, and is congenial to the darkest designs of

sighted are our joys ! Death deprived me of an affectionate, a dutiful father*. Peace to his memory ! My honored parent had scarce breathed his last, than

the abandoned. Lamentable indeed would be the state of society, were the principles of the modern philosophers carried universally into execution. Society itself would be totally destroyed, and the very earth desolated. The foundation on which they erect the edifice is polluted, and we find neither proportion or stability in the superstructure.

* To elucidate still farther the nature and effects of friendship and consanguinity, I am induced as a friend—as a relative—to transcribe some letters, the copies of which I find amongst a variety of fragments in my possession : the first was written before the departure of the young gentleman, to whom the latter pays but a just tribute of regard ; and, as they all breathe the genuine spirit of true friendship, I need not here apologize for their insertion.

“ MY DEAR FELLOW,

“ I cannot at this moment address thee as Sancho ; I wish to be serious, and have serious things to tell thee. But why should I damp the ardor of my compeer ? No—I never will—by heavens I will not ! So far have I suppressed my feelings—so far resolved in contra—I have done so—perhaps I will hereafter do so—and perhaps do more—but we are all mutable—we cannot dive into the womb of futurity—this is a consolation. Hope darts forward with rapidity, adds joy to our hearts ; whereas fear sinks us with the grovelling atom. Hope is a glorious star ; it directs us over the deserts of life. Fear is a ghastly enemy, which never fails to destroy every exalted sentiment of the soul. I am led to speak thus of these passions from knowing your determination to leave us ;

two officious parliament-hunters were traversing the whole county. I was solicited by my friends to fill a

and although I speak favourably of hope, do not aver that I sanction a blind obedience to its dictates. Hope, though the very "life-blood of the soul," is nevertheless an enemy to our repose; by an implicit obedience to its dictates we not unfrequently resign the substance for the shadow. Our judgment ought to regulate anticipation. Youth ought to obey the sage instructions of age. Experience teaches us wisdom, and wisdom constitutes happiness, at least insures a good portion of peace and serenity. Wisdom is virtue. Truth and beauty are its handmaids. "Truth and beauty are one;" they may, and even do, now and then vary, according to the world's opinion; but the world's opinion is false; it is like a nauseous stream that rolls sluggishly along. The world's opinion is dangerous too; it is like a clumsy bear, whose paws are ever doing some mischief or other—I have no patience with it—I could trample on it—and with Sterne I repudiate it—but enough on this subject.

"In the name of goodness, why did I not, or why have I not seen you of late? Was I from home? Be it as it may, it will give me much pleasure to see you—God bless thee—I had almost said—if upset by a windmill. I greet you on your residence at W—H—with your young friend M. W—, to whom I beg my respectful compliments.

"I am, my dear Coz.

"Very faithfully, &c.

"Tuesday morning."

"J. C."

"M. W.

"DEAR SIR,

"The duty which I now take upon me to discharge is, my good friend, of no pleasing, of no delightful nature. I

station in which my respected father had gained universal applause. The time of election arrived. I

pause, and my pen seems to falter in its office—seems even to accord with the sympathy of my heart; and were I not already convinced of the immortality of the soul, my present feelings, or rather the reflection which I have lately experienced would certainly have made me a convert. But why should I procrastinate the unwelcome tidings—why hover, as it were, over a sad recital? Must I then say that the generous R. C. is no more? Yes, W. he who was wont to cheer us with mirth and jollity, now lays him in an humble state. Ah, thy fatal soil, Jamaica, contains his manly corse! Poor fellow! he died on the 1st of February—was well on the 27th of January—had taken his passage home in the William and Henry, and would have left the island on the 2d—but Heaven forbade, and his friends now weep his untimely exit. To say that I regret his loss would ill express my feelings—to say I had reason to esteem him would be paying but a cold tribute to his friendship. Yes W. it is with the sincerest sorrow I regret his death, because he was steady, firm, and generous in his friendships; and with a more than common grief I bear his virtues in remembrance, because I ever loved him when he lived. Thus would I fain give a current to the feelings of my soul; but a pressure of grief bids me compress these feelings. I conclude, therefore, with my most respectful remembrance to you, and your kind family, and will be happy to see you when you again visit town.

“ In the meanwhile,

“ I am,

“ My good sir, truly,

“ *London, April 26, 1802.*”

“ J. C.”

addressed my constituents—adverted to my father's services in their behalf, and assured them mine should be equally unremitting in the discharge of

From R. C. to J. C.

" Martinique, 25th September, 1801.

" Dear Coz.

" Still are you in my memory, and nothing on earth shall ever cause the friendship subsisting between us to be broken; time cannot, nor can climate. I will never cease to remember your solicitude for my happiness. You know my heart well, and I know you will give me full credit for these feelings.

" This sheet, my dear fellow, was prepared for you some time before we reached this place, but we had not the good fortune to meet any homeward-bound vessel. Well, here I am, true honest Sancho, after a tedious search in quest of adventures, with my worthy master the knight of the dolphin; but it is in vain we look for adventures on the ocean, each succeeding day brings only a dull repetition of the former, and were we to plod on to eternity, I really believe the same good luck would attend us. Yes, yes Don! it remains with you and I to perform great achievements, and I will soon be with you in old England.

" With respect to the various and irksome occurrences on our voyage, I refer you to my journal, wherein is fully recounted every particular worthy of notice. My health has been uncommonly good since I left you; I have not even experienced one day's illness, yet I am now far distant from my worthy master—God send us together before we die. When I think on the dreary and vast vicissitude of death, I am lost in doubt.

" I cannot at present write you any more with spirit, but

those duties incumbent on a legislator. With a proclivity of assent they seemed to congratulate my presence, and my words with adulation. But popular applause is easily influenced. Men who act not from a judgment of their own, are merely the vehicle of prejudice or momentary opinion, either operated upon by a selfish consideration or a worse

I wish you all the happiness this world can afford. Remember me to every friend, particularly to my father; desire your brother to write to me, and when you see Miss F—— give my duty and love to her; remaining ever, my worthy compeer,

“Your’s, with the utmost sincerity,

“R. C.”

From R. C. to J. C.

“Kingston, Jamaica, 20th Dec. 1801.

“DEAR COZ.

“This short and delightful letter cannot but please you, for you must know I have finally determined to return with Captain Douell, who sets out on or about the 20th of next month. I am quite overjoyed to think how soon we will be together again—may the *Eternal Disposer* of events so order it. With my kindest remembrance communicate the tidings to my friends, and believe me always,

“&c. &c.

“R. C.”

—Generous and warm-hearted lad, never did I see thee more!—Yet, far distant as I am, I drop the tear of friendship o’er thy grave, and still value thee as the best and truest of companions.

passion. My opponents respectively harangued the populace; they promised much, and much they flattered the propensities of the croud: even with impunity they corrupted the constituents with gold. It reflects an indelible shame on the English nation. Much of this baneful metal flowed from a source that ought only to dispense justice, integrity, and virtue—the consequence, a triumph on their part. My cause was, however, espoused and supported by the most respectable and independent individuals in the county. From this political struggle I discovered the imperfections of every government: in short, as long as man is the creature of habit, and the vehicle of passions, so long must there remain room for improvement.

“ Meanwhile opinion gilds, with varying rays,

“ Those painted clouds that beautify our days.

“ At this period I had the honor of contracting a most sacred friendship with Edgar, a young nobleman, whose suavity of manners and integrity of heart, well fitted him for the friend, the patriot, and the man of honor. Edgar was on the eve of finishing his education, by making the tour of Europe, and as I had also determined to visit the Continent, the opportunity which now offered, was of all others the most desirable. We left England under hopes and anticipations fraught with pleasure, and were bountifully supplied with letters of intro-

duction, and indeed with every other requisite that could render our journey elegant and instructive. Our preceptor was a gentleman of learning and experience. We made France the first object of our travels, and were soon in the capital. Here we had remained but a few days before we became acquainted with several distinguished literary and political characters of that time. The honors and civilities we everywhere received were flattering to our young minds ; but even amidst the ease and gaiety which surrounded us, we felt equally how insincere and incompatible to true greatness were these civilities and honors. From the French we certainly experienced indubitable proofs of their national politeness and flattery: the former as well as the latter quality, seemed an unremitting study of this inconsistent and fickle people ; from the court to the lowest ebb of society were these acquirements perceptible as a leading passion. At this epoch the court was in verity a refined assemblage of intrigue and pampered tyranny. A few notorious ladies of *ton* dealt out their favors as indiscreetly as they received them. Louis too, whether from indolence or dissipation, assuredly courted more the whispers of pleasure than the happiness of his subjects ; but the complicated misfortunes which soon afterwards befel *him* and *his house*, have in some measure atoned for his weaknesses.

“ Leaving Paris, we passed through Joigny to

Dijon, and from thence to Geneva in Switzerland. In this rugged, verdant, and majestic country, where liberty warms the breasts of a generous people, many were the sublimities in nature which attracted our attention, and endeared these independent cantons to the best affections of our heart. At Geneva, we had the happiness of being introduced to that eccentric and worthy character Lavater, and on the same morning met with Zimmerman, a man of extraordinary sensibility. Whilst this benevolent character accompanied us to Lusanne, he pointed out a villa in which Gibbon composed his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. ‘Gibbon,’ said this worthy man, ‘has in that work displayed a fund of erudition, has traced with much industry and accuracy the history of a warlike people, and distant ages will sanction this votary of fame, notwithstanding the subtilty of his theology, and the solecisms in his philosophy.’

“From Lusanne we travelled to Bern, through a country infinitely diversified, and from Bern to Lucerne, and from hence to Zurich, where we remained some weeks. Quitting Zurich, we returned by Mount St. Gothard, and passing down the valley contiguous to the Rhone, we directed our route to Mount Blanc, and entered Italy by way of Turin. How altered the scene! A lovely clime, but a dwindling treacherous progeny. Leaving Turin we went to Genoa, then to Mantua, and from Mantua to Flo-

rence, and then through Tuscany to Rome. Now amid relics truly estimable to the amateurs in sculpture, in painting, and in letters, we felt not insensible to the remains of fallen grandeur, nor did our excellent preceptor omit any explanation that could tend either to improve or interest us in our researches. He was no less assiduous in watching over our personal safety; for he had already visited Rome, and was no stranger to the fatal jealousy of the Italians. Fearful that our warmth of temper, and the liberty we had been wont to enjoy, might engage us in some calamitous *rencontré*, he endeavoured to warn and protect us by salutary precautions. His apprehensions were but too well founded; for we had only resided at Rome a few days, till we unfortunately became acquainted with two elegant ladies, to whom we impudently breathed the language of dissolute love, and from whom emanated an ensnaring encouragement, in unison with that spirit of gallantry which so universally distinguishes the romantic dames of Italy. Apprized though we were of the dangers of an intrigue of this nature, we nevertheless dared to brave the consequences, till conducted by malignant fate we fell victims to our own misguided confidence; another fatal example to our countrymen of what jealousy, and cowardice, with impunity inflict in a country where the government is too imbecile, or too debased to punish. To the young mind the charms of

novelty, and of illicit love, are dangerous incitements. We had repeatedly met our condescending *Caræ Amicæ* at Vespers, and it was there we formed the last unhappy assignation. Betrayed by a treacherous duenna, indubitably employed for that purpose, scarcely had we got to the place of assignation when a set of ruffians furiously beset us. Finding ourselves in this desperate dilemma, we at once determined, if possible to chastise wretches who fiend-like set at nought the sacred laws of humanity and honor, and drawing our swords, we maintained the combat so effectually as soon to lay two of the assassins dead at our feet; the others fled precipitately—but alas! ours was triumph sealed with noble and precious blood—my friend and companion was mortally wounded, and became more and more faint from the loss of blood. In this afflicting crisis I judged it expedient to call in assistance, and with the mercenary aid which I at length procured, I conveyed my noble friend to our apartments, where we had no sooner arrived then I made known to our worthy companion the melancholy event, and dispatched immediately servants for the most skilful physicians; who were soon with us, and examined with due solemnity and attention the wound—declared it mortal, and intreated the generous Edgar to prepare himself for eternity. Oh my God! never will I forget with what firmness, composure, and resignation, he received the

admonitory intelligence. In a few minutes the vital spark of life had fled, and his parting looks seemed only to regret that he had not died in a better cause. From that moment my noble friend expired—fled all my wishes to prosecute the journey. I stopped at Rome only a sufficient time to pay the last solemn obsequies to my bosom friend and lamented companion; and here too had deep-rooted bigotry almost frustrated my affectionate and pious solicitude. But of Italy and Italians enough. I passed rapidly on to Leghorn, sailed from thence to the isle of Sardinia, leaving which we touched at Minorca, from whence we went down to Gibraltar. Here I was introduced to several officers of tried honor and bravery, and participated in the full confidence of a warm unsuspecting friendship. How dignified to what I had experienced in France and in Italy! Yes, my young friend, the English, notwithstanding their foibles, are sincere in their friendship and professions, faithful to their honor, and even generous to their enemies. Would to heaven we could say as much of all the inhabitants of Europe. Leaving Gibraltar we bent our course to England, and after a favourable voyage of a few days, descry'd our island's chalky cliffs. High destined spot, thought I, as I surveyed thy sea-girt shores. Blest island, mayest thou ever be seated firm in the ocean, a fair emblem of greatness, and a happy asylum for the best of laws. But amidst these pleasant reflec-

tions, how soon and how forcibly was my mind impressed with sorrow. A few months ago I left these shores elate with hope, and accompanied by an aspiring youth, the darling of his family, and of his country. How then am I to appear before his noble relatives—how recount to them young Edgar's melancholy fate? Landing safely at Plymouth we hastened to town, and in a few hours after our arrival prepared myself for an interview with Lord S. V. the noble father of my lamented friend. This my dear sir, was an interview, to which I will ever look back with reverence. The venerable nobleman and dutiful parent, received me with a dignified and becoming sorrow : he had already been apprized of what had happened. Our letters from Italy were delivered ; hence was his lordship prepared to meet me with more composure ; and hence was I relieved from a conflict of fear, pity, and uncertainty.

“ Finding that our family had left London, I instantly made the necessary arrangements for my departure, and soon was with them at the Castle, where my return was greeted with affection and unsophisticated feeling.

“ For solitude sometimes is best society,

“ And short retirement urges sweet return.”

“ I have already told you that I had two sisters ; the elder of whom married Sir Robert H—— ; he was a generous man. They lived happy and in affluence, and had it not been for fashionable vil-

lainy to this day might have continued so. Sir Robert was generous—was importuned by friends. He readily lent his aid ; but lamentable to relate, the thousands procured from the ample heart were appropriated to the discharge of gambling debts, and not a farthing did he recover. In short, Sir Robert found himself on the brink of adversity ere he had given it a thought. There is in man a stubborn something, which we may in a physical light denominate velocity in a moral pride. From this compound in our natures, we are either supported by fortitude or depressed with fear. Sir Robert's mind was of that texture which neither can solicit nor accept pecuniary aid. Neither could he think of reducing his retinue: his spirits became every day more and more depressed, and this gloomy malady, in spite of every effort on the part of my sister and his friends, gained so far an ascendancy as to hasten him to the silent tomb. My sister's sympathizing heart dissolved in tenderness---soon she followed to the grave the best of men." I here could perceive the feelings of Corvinus much affected: he cast a wild look athwart the woodlands, and then proceeded. " My younger sister was beautiful as is the new-blown rose, gentle as the breezes of the spring: her mind was without stain, and her manners without art. Many were the suitors that solicited her hand: it was at length resigned to Mr. S. son of a worthy friend of my father, and well he merited such

beauty and goodness. He was a firm, generous, and noble youth.

“In the autumn preceding the nuptials Mr. S. was visited by a party of gentlemen, amongst whom was Captain R——, a hero of superadvenient and unguarded principles. The roof of hospitality and of honor was a distant consideration to this creature of vanity. He had mixed with the unprincipled and giddy, and such his audacity, ignorance, and libertinism, that he fancied, or wished, all women alike weak and incontinent. He dared therefore to treat the wife of his host with his wonted vanity. He forgot that there were, or wished not to know that there are, women who rise superior to dishonor—women who are an ornament to their sex, a blessing to society. No sooner had Captain R—— departed from the mansion, than Euphemia, with a sensibility characteristic of a pure mind, represented his conduct in its real colors. Such unexpected villainy aroused in the mind of her honored spouse sentiments of no common irritation: he declared with warmth that he would chastise the miscreant, and convince him that Euphemia’s wrongs were his own. He did so—but in so doing he received from the fashionable culprit a wound, which, in defiance of surgical skill, hastened his dissolution. Poor Euphemia was disconsolate. Alas, my sister! thou hadst to lament a good husband—a benevolent, a

worthy soul. A few moons had only witnessed these tragical events, when, Oh Heavens! I was bereft likewise of my affectionate mother. This irreparable loss afforded poignant sensations to all who knew the amiable woman---I hope I felt more than such.

“ Such were, my young friend, the successive misfortunes I had to witness. To me my natal spot assumed a solemn gloom : scenes that were wont to ravish now wore a direful aspect---spots, once pregnant with delight, recalled only to my mind a painful remembrance of the past. My friends commiserated in a manner honorable to friendship ; but all---all could not dispel the marked dislike to the mansion in which my infant years were so happily spent, but which had recently been the scene of so much family affliction and distress. I determined to bid adieu to these someway endearing groves. I arranged my domestic affairs, left the management of my estate to a faithful steward, and chose me one only servant to accompany me. I travelled incog through different counties, at length chance brought me to this romantic place. It accorded with my feelings. My trusty servant procured this humble yet comfortable grot, and here have I resided for a few weeks. My mind is now tolerably composed. I derive inexpressible satisfaction in administering to the comforts of the industrious. I feel myself happy in rendering them so : I am pleased with their artless conversation, and am desirous of pleas-

ing. Indeed I have as yet no cause to regret leaving for awhile the sumptuous table and the downy bed ; on the contrary, rather ought I to rejoice."

I listened with attention to the preceding narrative, and esteemed Corvinus for his candour. I seldom let a day escape without seeing my new friend, who ever received me with kindness, and treated me with the utmost respect. I beg you will accept of the following desultory journal, while I feel pleasure in the relation : it may serve to give you a faint idea how we appropriated the long summer day, and the winter's contracted one.

THE SAGE EDNOR.

" Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes ; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. The good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished ; but the good things which belong to adversity are to be admired. The virtue of prosperity is temperance ; the virtue of adversity is fortitude.*" Happy then that man who enjoyeth the good things of this life with wisdom, and who imparteth happiness to those around him. Such is Ednor the sage of Ednam, and shouldest thou in thy journeyings ever be directed to the verdant and romantic dales through which the Liddall meanders, thou

* Lord Verulam.

wouldest do well to seek his dwelling: at his table thou wilt be welcome, and from his counsel thou wilt derive instruction. The home of Ednor is well known. It is the abode of wisdom and hospitality. Here the stranger is welcomed with joy, and departeth with reluctance; for the kindness and converse of the sage is dignified and endearing. Fortune has not bestowed to him a store of riches, but she has done more: he is gifted with a pure unsullied mind, a bright understanding, and a benevolent soul. Though not abounding in wealth he is blessed with a competency, and with that openness of heart which communicates and enjoys the blessings of life with moderation. Though not pre-eminently versed in abtruse erudition, Ednor is learned. Philosophy, theology, and politics, are topics on which he descants with spirit and accuracy, and to the grand object of which he most sacredly adheres. But it is in moral disquisition he more particularly excels, and his own simple, yet useful manner of life, holds forth the brightest example of that purity he conceives---of that excellence he admires.

Few indeed live so well, so happy, or with such unbounded love and esteem, as doth the venerable Ednor. To the young he is a counsellor, a friend, and by the young he is revered. To those who seek for wisdom he is a source of light and pure intelligence. The effervescence of his mind kindles a desire of knowledge, and the rectitude of his rea-

soning directeth that desire to a generous purpose. To the aged, Ednor is a companion, dispensing pleasure and happiness. His precepts are the precepts of truth, and his dictates the exalted emanations of a good heart. His aphorisms on men and manners, are in reality a well digested code of maxims, comprising the essence of morality, and reflecting a mirror of duty and improvement. His principles are rigid, yet generous; and while he keenly traces the windings of the human mind, he is ever disposed rather to commend than detract from the motives by which man is actuated; and though he be tenacious in certain principles of faith, his expansive charity giveth a blessing to the ruling faith or general integrity of others. No bigotted or lurking jealousy clouds his philanthropy---his wish extendeth to the well-being of all mankind, and his actions evince the lovely influence of this principle. The sage Ednor is in fine a man in whom "are deeply rooted the seeds of benevolence," and "in whom is found no guile." In his breast is firmly impressed the love of virtue, and the love of his country. By virtue is he dignified, and by the excellence of his own example, and the wisdom of his precepts, dignifies others. His very name is venerable, as is his age; and when it pleaseth Heaven to call him hence--when this worthy man is enclosed in the silent chambers of the grave, even there he will not cease to be useful--his goodness

will live for ever, and the wisdom and integrity of his life will emulate to virtue.

“ Thus Silem sung, by sacred truth inspir’d ;
“ Nor praise, but such as truth bestow’d, desir’d ;
“ Wise in himself, his meaning songs convey’d
“ Informing morals to the shepherd maid ;
“ Or taught the swains that surest bliss to find,
“ What groves, nor streams bestow—a virtuous mind.”

Before I proceed in the narration, allow me to introduce the third and fifth eclogues from Virgil, as translated by the Rev. W. G——. Poetry is at all times amusing, but poetry such as Virgil’s is more than amusing ; it stores the imagination with sublime and just ideas, it ameliorates the heart, and embellishes the emanations of the mind. Poetry is consonant to nature. It is no less in unison with the milder, and the more shining powers of reason, and has throughout all ages been the study and admiration of a refined taste. The man of genius, and the man of common intellect, have alike cherished it as a companion. The former, by his grandeur of enjoyment, and his spirited display of imagery ; the latter, by a steadiness of pleasure, and a simplicity of description. Hence have pastoral writings been so universally cultivated and esteemed. The pastorals of Theocritus, of Virgil, of Florian, of Pope, of Shenstone, of Ramsay, of Burns, and of Bloomfield, will never cease to merit and to receive an almost universal perusal. It may here

be necessary to observe, that the following pastorals were translated by an extraordinary character, a man of learning, but a miserly and contracted being. His literary fame might have shone resplendently, had not his selfish disposition blasted every effort any ways allied to liberality, honor, or renown.

ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

ARGUMENT.

This eclogue contains an elegant trial of skill in music and poetry, between two shepherds, in that kind of verse which is termed *Amœbæan*; and the scene is a grassy plain, and a row of beechen trees at some distance. The time of the day seems to be noon--the season the beginning of summer.

MENALCAS, DAMOETAS, PALAEMON.

MENALCAS.

Ho! are these Melibæus' flocks? declare.

DAMOETAS.

No! Ægon's—Ægon left them to my care.

MENALCAS.

Ah! sheep still hapless, while he dreads to prove
In fair Neæra, my more happy love:
This alien wretch twice hourly milks the dams,
And drains their strength, and starves the bleating lambs.

DAMOETAS.

On men, at least, these scoffs with caution throw;
Where you were too, and in what cave we know,

What thoughts the goats with luring eyes betray'd,
But the mild nymphs with smiles the scene survey'd.

MENALCAS.

Sure my bad hook they saw, and base designs,
While Mycon's grove I cut, and tender vines.

DAMOETAS.

Or where these full grown beeches shade the rock,
Where Daphnis' bow and beauteous shafts you broke ;
Which, when you saw, on the lov'd youth bestow'd,
You ! wretched swain with inward malice glow'd ;
And, if no mischief by some means you'd try'd,
With secret rage and spite you sure had dy'd.

MENALCAS.

When slaves thus dare ! how shall their lords behave ?
Did I not see thee—base ignoble knave,
Steal Dæmon's goat ? his dog loud barking by ;
And when I call'd, " Ho ! whither does he fly ?
Haste Tit'rus, haste, and count the fleecy race ;"
Thou sneaking lurk'dst below the sedgy grass.

DAMOETAS.

O'ercome in song, could he the goat refuse,
In contest, gain'd by my excelling muse ?
E'en Dæmon's self confess'd my conquering lay,
But own'd the prize beyond his power to pay.

MENALCAS.

Thou claim the prize ! thy music's just reward !
Was e'er thy pipe with waxen joints prepar'd ?
Thou dunce, confin'd to streets and public ways,
To hiss on screeching straws thy wretched lays.

DAMOETAS.

Then let us try if you, Oh shepherd ! dare,
And in alternate strains our skill compare ;
Lest you refuse, this beauteous cow I lay,
She suckles two sleek younglings, ev'ry day
With swelling dugs twice to the milking goes ;—
Say, if you will an equal stake propose ?

MENALCAS.

Nought from the fold I may with you engage,
I dread at home my sire and stepdame's rage,
Who daily number all our woolly breed,
And own each kid that crops the flow'ry mead ;
But I will stake what you far more will prize,
Tho' wilful madness blind your partial eyes,
Two beechen bowls, with finest art adorn'd,
And both by divine *Alcimedon* turn'd ;
A curling vine is round the sides engrav'd,
With ivy pale, and blooming berries wav'd.
Two beauteous figures in the work appear,
Canon, and he who taught the circling sphere.
When painful ploughmen ply the shining share ;
Or when rich crops reward the reaper's care ;
Both fresh and sound, I keep conceal'd in store,
Nor lips have touch'd, nor hands their beauty wore.

DAMOETAS.

For me two bowls the same great artist turn'd,
Their handles with *Acanthus* soft adorn'd ;
Full in the midst fam'd *Orpheus* tunes his lyre,
Him trees pursue, and circling groves admire ;
Both fresh and sound, I keep conceal'd in store,
Nor lips have touch'd, nor hands their beauty wore ;

Yet view this heifer with attentive eyes,
And you no more the beauteous bowls will prize.

MENALCAS.

Think not from trial by such shifts to fly !
Your terms I chuse, and all your arts defy.
Let him decide who comes o'er yonder plains ;
Palæmon see, shall judge our tuneful strains.
I'll quell your threats, and still your deaf'ning song,
That you no more shall vex the shepherd throng.

DAMOETAS.

Sing if you can, nor fear that I refuse ;
No swain I'll fly, nor shun the heavenly muse.
—— Palæmon come, your well-known skill exert,
This great affair demands your utmost art.

PALAEMON.

Thus on soft grass reclin'd, ye shepherds sing,
Now all the trees and flow'ry pastures spring ;
Now lofty groves with swelling leaves are green,
Now the glad year in fairest bloom is seen.
Begin Damoetas, next Menalcas join,
Alternate songs delight the sacred nine.

DAMOETAS.

From Jove ye muses 'wake the sylvan strain ;
All full of Jove, through nature's boundless reign.
With friendly eyes the spacious earth he views,
Protects the fields, and tends my warbling muse.

MENALCAS.

Great Phœbus deigns to bless my tuneful lays,
Still to his name I rear the heavenly bays ;

And on our borders, with a tender care,
The sweetly blushing hyacinths prepare.

DAMOETAS.

Young Galatea, lovely sportive fair,
At me an apple throws with scornful air ;
Then seeks with hasty steps the willows green,
Yet ere she flies, she wishes to be seen.

MENALCAS.

But willing love my dear Amyntas warms,
Unask'd the charmer rushes to my arms ;
His grateful smiles the tenderest wishes tell,
Nor to our dogs is Delia known so well.

DAMOETAS.

For that dear nymph, with whom my bosom glows,
Her love-sick swain the prettiest present knows ;—
I mark'd a place amidst the woodland shade,
Where two aerial stock-doves nestling play'd.

MENALCAS.

In sylvan wilds a tree sequester'd grows,
Large golden apples load its bending boughs ;
Ten, all I could, I sent my lovely care,
As many more to-morrow he shall share.

DAMOETAS.

What charming words, my fair Gal'tea said,
How oft the sound confess'd a love-sick maid ;
Ye balmy winds, while round the world ye rove,
Waft parting whispers to the Powers above.

MENALCAS.

What, dear Amyntas, can your shepherd gain ?
Tho' you no more despise my tender pain ;

While o'er the fields the flying boars ye trace,
I hold the toils, nor share the dangerous chace.

DAMOETAS.

Send home my Phyllis, dear Iolas haste,
My birth-day's come, I'll keep the genial feast ;
And when a heifer we to Ceres slay,
Come thou, Oh swain ! the welcome homage pay.

MENALCAS.

Young Phyllis more than other nymphs I prize ;
My parting steps she viewed with weeping eyes ;
Then from her lips these moving accents fell,
Farewel, Oh shepherd ! lovely youth farewel.

DAMOETAS.

The wolf is dreadful to the bleating fold ;
To ripen'd fields, the rains, and freezing cold ;
Loud stormy winds to ev'ry lofty tree,
And Amaryllis' scornful rage to me.

MENALCAS.

Sweet to the new-sown seeds are gentle show'rs ;
To kids new wean'd the arbuties' springing flow'rs ;
Sweet to the pregnant ewes the willow grove ;
To me alone the fair Amyntas' love.

DAMOETAS.

My songs, though rustic, Pollis deigns to hear ;
Ye Nine, a heifer for your patron rear.

MENALCAS.

My Pollis writes new songs ; a bull prepare,
That spurns the sands, and butts the empty air.

DAMOETAS.

Who loves thee, Pollis, may he grow in fame,
And fates like thine attend his noble aim ;
For him let honey flow, and pastures bloom,
And hedges breathe the spice's rich perfume.

MENALCAS.

Who hates not Bavius, nor contemns his praise,
Be he, Oh ! Mavius, doom'd to love thy lays ;
And may the wretch with foxes plough the soil,
And milk he goats with mad and foolish toil.

DAMOETAS.

Ye boys, sweet flow'rs and low grown fruits forsake ;
Lo ! the deep grass conceals a deadly snake.

MENALCAS.

Trust not the bank too far, ye bleating race ;
The ram, all wet, yet dries his snowy fleece.

DAMOETAS.

Oh Tit'rus ! from the flood these kids convey ;
I'll wash them in the stream some fitter day.

MENALCAS.

Boys fold your flocks, if heat the milk should dry,
How oft in vain the empty teats we'll ply !

DAMOETAS.

How lank's my bull, tho' graz'd in fertile fields !
To love's dire pains both herd and herdsman yields.

MENALCAS.

No ills like these my eager flocks ensnare,
Some eyes bewitch the tender fleecy care.

DAMOETAS.

Say in what fields, my sweetly warbling swain,
 The circling skies three ells in space contain?
 And for your skill, my Phœbus, you shall reign.

MENALCAS.

Say in what fields the flow'rs fresh blooming grow,
 Which fair inscrib'd the names of monarchs show;
 And for your art, dear Phyllis I'll bestow.

PALAEMON.

What song excels, is past my power to name;
 Both *you* and *he* alike the prize may claim;
 And ev'ry swain, who skill'd like you, can sing,
 What joys and pains from love's dire passion spring;
 Now stop the floods, dear boys, no more proceed,
 Enough the streams have drench'd the thirsty mead.

ECLOGUE THE FIFTH.

ARGUMENT.

The subject of this beautiful eclogue is the death and deification of Julius Cæsar. The poet seems to be much elevated by the importance of the subject. The composition is laboured and elegant; and the scene beautiful, and adapted to the solemnity of the occasion, as the shepherds sit and sing under a canopy of wild vines in the solemn gloom of a grotto, and surrounded with a grove of hazles and elms. The season, summer, but the time of the day does not appear to be specified.

DAPHNIS, MENALCAS, MOPSUS.

MENALCAS.

SINCE thus we meet, dear youth, both skilful swains,
Thou on soft reeds, and I in vocal strains,
Why rest we not in this sweet sylvan scene,
Where elms, with hazles mix'd, o'ershade the green?

MOPSUS.

To you, mine elder, I obedience yield,
Whether we rest amidst the flow'ry field,
O'erhung with branches of wide spreading trees,
That wave their shades to ev'ry gentle breeze;
Or will you rather yon cool grotto chuse,
Where the wild vines their clust'ring grapes diffuse?

MENALCAS.

Of all the swains, whom on these hills we view,
Amyntas only may compare with you.

MOPSUS.

What, if this youth, inflam'd with rural praise,
Should strive to vie with Phæbus' heavenly lays?

MENALCAS.

Begin ye first; if *Phillis'* am'rous fires,
Or *Alcon's* praise your tuneful muse inspires,
Or *Codru's* ancient quarrel swells your song;
Begin, while *Tit'rus* feeds the kiddling throng.

MOPSUS.

Rather I'll try these strains of newer date,
Which on green beachen bark I carv'd of late:

I carv'd and sung between ; attend with care,
Then bid Amyntas with my skill compare !

MENALCAS.

As fewer charms the shrub than olive shows,
As cowslips yield to the sweet crimson rose ;
So much, Oh swain ! if right I judge your lays,
To you Amyntas yields the heavenly bays.

MOPSUS.

Dear youth no more, the solemn grot appears ;
Lo ! the sad nymphs with shouts and flowing tears,
Mourn'd fair Daphnis's death, through shady woods—
Bear witness hazles and ye silver floods !
When his sad fate the mournful mother knew,
Around his corse her eager arms she threw ;
Bedew'd with tears his lifeless limbs all o'er ;
And curs'd the stars, and every heav'nly pow'r.
To cooling floods then swains no oxen drove,
Nor horses sought the streams or grassy grove ;
Thy death, Oh ! youth, e'en Lybian lions mourn'd,
Wild hills and shades the plaintive notes return'd.
Armenian tygers Daphnis taught to lead,
And to the harness joined the savage breed ;
At feasts of Bacchus taught the frantic air,
And with soft leaves adorn'd the slender spear.
As vines the trees with glowing splendor grace,
As grapes the vines, as bulls the lowing race,
As golden harvests deck the fertile plain,
So our fair youth adorn'd the shepherd train.
When fate, Oh ! Daphnis, snatch'd thee from our view,
Pales and Phœbus from our plains withdrew.
When oft the fields we sow'd with choicest grain,
Wild oats and darnel spread their wretched reign ;

For violets soft, and daffodils, sweet flow'rs,
 The soil sharp thorns and prickly thistles pours.
 Ye shepherd swains, the crystal fountains shade,
 Let mournful cypress deck the flow'ry glade,
 With verdant leaves the lonely pastures strew,
 By Daphnis claim'd, these sacred rites are due.
 For him a tomb with hands obsequious raise,
 And let these lines record his lasting praise :
 " Here I the lovely blooming Daphnis lie,
 " In woods renown'd—renown'd above the sky :
 " The fairest flocks I kept ; delightful care !
 " Yet I beyond that beauteous flock was fair."

MENALCAS.

Oh bard divine ! as sweet thy tuneful strains,
 As sleep to hinds fatigu'd in flow'ry plains ;
 Or to the thirsty swain cool bubbling streams,
 When pastures glow with summer's sultry beams.
 Not on the pipe great Pan excels your song,
 Nor with his voice more charms the rural throng ;
 You, happy boy, consign'd to endless fame,
 Next sacred Pan the heav'nly bays shall claim.
 Now to the skies let me your Daphnis raise,
 And crown his merits with alternate praise,
 For Daphnis' love demands my sweetest lays.

MOPSUS.

What happier task can you, dear youth, pursue ?
 For to the boy these tuneful notes are due ;
 These notes, admir'd by all the sylvan train,
 And Stemicon approved the moving strain.

MENALCAS.

But see, fair Daphnis mounts with glad surprise
 O'er clouds and stars, above the lofty skies ;

Hence pleasure reigns thro' all the fields and shades,
And charms great *Pan*, the swains, and sylvan maids.
On flocks no more the wolves shall lurking prey,
Nor secret foils the timid deer betray ;
Dire scenes of blood no more infest the groves
For peaceful days the heavenly *Daphnis* loves.
The desert hills in joyful raptures sing,
The rocky wilds to heaven in concert ring ;
A God ! a God ! the forests shout around,
The groves, the banks, repeat the pleasing sound.
Oh ! hear your swains, and four bright altars view ;
To *Phæbus* two, and two fair youth to you ;
Two frothing bowls of new milk you shall share,
And two rich jars of oil, our yearly care.
The feast we'll crown with *Bacchus*' purple stores,
Like *Nectar* pure from *Chiar*'s flow'ry shores ;
In winter, round the fire we'll sacrifice ;—
In cooling shades, while summer warms the skies,
Here shall *Damoetas* sing melodious strains,
And *Lycian* *Ægon* charm the list'ning swains ;
Alphesiboes lead the dance along,
And skip like satyrs in the chearful throng ;
Both when the nymphs our solemn rites we pay,
And when glad victims round the fields convey ;
While boars hills top, while fish the water love,
While painful bees for fragrant thyme shall rove,
While locusts on the silver dews shall feed,
So long your honor, name, and praise shall spread.
To you the hinds their sacred rites shall pay,
And solemn vows proclaim your heavenly sway ;
As *Bacchus*' self, and *Ceres*, you shall share
The yearly tribute of each shepherd's prayer.

MOPSUS.

What gifts, great favourite of the tuneful throng,
Can recompence thy sweet, thy heav'nly song?
Not southern gales soft dying on the trees,
Not shores resounding with the gentlest seas,
Not streams which through the pebbly valley play,
Can charm the soul like thy enchanting lay.

MENALCAS.

But this small pipe I first on you bestow,
Which played poor Corydon's sad am'rous woe;
The same that warbled with a tuneful air.
Ho! are these Melibæus' flocks declare.

MOPSUS.

And this small hook I give you in return,
Clear brazen studs its tap'ring length adorn;
In vain Antigènes to gain it strove,
And he, dear youth, deserv'd each shepherd's love.

Refulgent summer disclosed a brightening prospect all around, and with joy we viewed the laughing world. In the morn we imbibed the blissful fragrance; in the mid-day hours reclined under the shady grove; and in the evening tasted the sublimity of darkening nature. Oft we visited the surrounding cots—oft we held pleasing converse with the humble sons of contentment, and were not unfrequently struck with admiration at the depth of their reasoning, and the ardent, yet untutored sagacity of their minds. We one morning entered the cot of

Arlonda ; a variety of old mathematical instruments lay in every corner. Arlonda divested himself of a kind of severity which dwelt on his forehead when first we entered the dwelling, and soon displayed wonderful powers of mind : treating on history and astronomy, his knowledge expanded, and burst out like the torrent* ; he even expatiated with such warmth, that his imagination outstepped the bounds of human ken ; the poor gentleman descanted on history and the planetary system till his mind became

* A true portrait of the author of " Modern Europe." The work to which we allude may fairly be ranked amongst the best historic productions now extant. It is written with much animation, and forms a learned and suitable continuation to Gibbon's Roman Empire. It is besides a work that embraces a vast field for political and moral disquisition. Our author was certainly a very eccentric character. He was educated for the law, and in this profession distinguished himself ; but finding that it interfered too much with his literary studies, he left Grey's Inn, and retired to a snug villa situate on the banks of the Esk. It was here he composed several valuable treatises, and some beautiful pieces of poetry. His was a genius of no common ability. His reasoning and his descriptive faculties were of the first order. His writings are distinguished by a fund of erudition, an elegance of diction, and a flowing emanation of genius. Russell died about ten years ago, and for several years prior to his death seemed to labour under symptoms of mental derangement, similar to those which added unhappiness to the poet Cowper.

totally immersed in speculative error: with difficulty we calmed his distemper. We afterwards learned that astronomy, history, and poetry, often called forth the energy of his mind in such a manner, that in his flights of fancy every thing fell prostrate before him, amongst the rest the instruments appertaining to the sciences.

“ Yet patience, labouring to beguile his care,

“ Seems to raise hope, and smiles away despair.”

THE FISHERMAN

Dwelt in a little hovel by the river side ; patience was pictured in his features, indolence in his gait, industry in his front, and in his eye anticipation. Unacquainted with letters, unskilled in artifice, save in the line of his profession ; mild in his nature, though a natural advocate for liberty. He had a wife and three little ones. Mary was thrifty as well as faithful ; by spinning she procured some few luxuries, but then her “ humble wishes never learned to stray.” It was her sole pride to nourish with tenderness her infants ; to have a clean hearth, a sparkling fire, and at church to appear decent. Oh ! cursed ambition, was it not for thee we should all of us travel placidly through the valley of life ; war would cease to devastate, and angelic peace wanton on the plain.

VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

By experience stern, to learning prone, a foe to disobedience, a friend to emulation, assiduous in his avocations, regular as the coming morn ; by many disapproved, by many loved. Such the man whose daily cares were to learning given ; and it is a pity his cares are not more gratefully owned.

THE HUNTSMAN.

Though scanty his domain he kept two hounds, that like their master well knew where the timid hare to find—true in the pursuit the woods re-echoed with their deep-toned music. Murray was old—had seen better days—but still his heart beat for the chace; and oft have I seen him, with his crutch, following and cheering his trusty Ringwood and Juno. Alas ! the old sportsman's tuneful voice is heard no more ; he lies in the green church-yard, and his grave-stone bears this inscription :

Sylvan youth, whene'er thou tread'st this spot,
Remember the lonely grave of Murray.

Peace to thy memory, plain simple sportsman !

Cold are the selfish hearts that would controul
The simple peasant's grateful glow of soul.

THE VILLAGE CURATE.

“ You speak, my young friend, of religion,” said the good man, and I give you credit for your anxiety in the cause of virtue.” “ Yes, venerable sire,” said I, “ virtue ought to be spoken of with reverence, and religion with awe.” “ Young man,” said the village curate, “ I have long officiated at the altar—have long administered serious advice to my parishioners.” “ And they have profited by your advice,” said I. “ Happy am I that they have,” said the venerable man.” “ I am beloved by them, and they are worthy my parental care—they are kind to each other, hospitable to strangers, and faithful servants to their God.” “ Yes, reverend sir,” said I, “ I well know how kind are your swains, and I well know that their kindness, their virtue, may be traced to that serenity which a well spent life alone can give, and which a well-spent life alone can insure.”

THE WOODMAN.

“ I had reclined me under a shady tree ; I was thinking on Cowper ; I was ruminating on his many impressive sentiments—on his many striking passages ; and is yon man in the glen,” said I, “ his woodman ? No ; too gently do the zephyrs waft their fragrance—it is summer. See with what patience he strikes the sturdy oak ;—it seems to defy

his ire ! How incessant are the strokes—the sound reverberates ! Now the mighty oak trembles for its fate. See how the huge monarch falls, and in its nestling career bids the puny man, whose labour lays it low, fly from its vengeance. But now the woodman views his shuddering victim with a kind of joy mixed with sorrow—he rejoiced to see the oak while it grew and ornamented the forest, and he is sorry it should lie prostrate. See how he rubs the sweat from off his furrowed forehead—see how he moralizes !”

THE LOVE-SICK MAID.

“ And art thou sick, dear girl ?” said I. It was the language of my heart, and the fair one accused me not for asking the question. Pale was her cheek, and languid the eye that was wont to sparkle with delight. “ And art thou unwell, dear Mary ?” said I. “ For your tender enquiry I thank you,” rejoined the maid, “ but my heart is far distant.” “ Distant !” said I. “ Oh sir, you are no stranger to my grief !” She looked tenderly at me. “ Have you heard from my Alonzo ?” “ Alonzo,” said I. “ Yes, and is not this letter from Alonzo ?” The colour suffused her sickly cheek alternately ; the dear maiden was impatient to open the seal, but scarce dared to do so. It was a tender and affecting scene to see the fair one trace over the endearing lines. “ My Alonzo lives !” ejaculated the maid.

“ He lives! is constant, and I shall again see him.”
“ Heaven grant thou mayest,” said I. She pressed my hand—she welcomed me at her father’s, as the friend of one whom she loved.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour
When first ambition struck at regal pow’r ;
And thus, polluting honor in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain’s peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore ?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers, bright’ning as they waste ;
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train ;
And over fields, where scattered hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose ?
Have we not seen, at pleasure’s lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall ?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay’d,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc’d from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main,
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund’ring sound.

GOLDSMITH.

THE PEASANT BOY AND HIS DOG.

A kind of tremor seemed to reiterate o’er his full-blown form, and his rolling eye darted its humid grief obliquely. There was something uncommonly engaging in his attitude, and I stopped me to view

the lad more attentively. As I drew near the spot on which this young son of health was stationed, I could easily perceive the cause of his sorrow. "But why grievest thou the loss of thy dog?" said I. My heart smote me ere I had uttered the question. The dog lay prostrate in the arms of death, and the lad pitied him with a warmth that powerfully evinced an artless soul. "Then it was a faithful creature," said I, musingly. "Yes sir, it was as true and good a creature as ever lived—now it is dead," said he. "And thou regrettest his death because he was so," said I. The lad again bent his eye on the dog, and the pale hue that overspread his cheek, spoke more feelingly than can words. Methought me on Sancho and his dapple, and on the old man and his ass, so nicely portrayed by Sterne. "And is there not," said my friend Eugenius, "a similitude in the picture?" "True—but see how composedly the peasant boy walks off." Poor lad, how I envied him his feelings. His were the emotions that do honor to human nature; they were the unfeigned overflowings of an honest heart, and the kindly symptoms of a head as yet unacquainted with man's duplicity.

CRAZY KATE.

Poor creature! she was muttering her complaints, and ever and anon looking at the trees, then at the green grass, then at the bleating lambkins, then at

me, and so on alternately. "Alas! poor maiden," said I, and viewed her with that kind of melancholy words were never made to express. How grievous the deprivation of reason, thought I, as I approached her. Poor Kate knew not with what sincerity I ejaculated: she looked at the little lamb which came jumping towards her. "Good God," exclaimed I, "see how the innocent creature flies to the wild welcome of a poor maiden bereft of that luminous spark which stamps the human being superior to every other. But the innocent lamb knew not the difference. Neither does the unfortunate girl, said I—it is a distressing—it is a sentimental picture." "It is so," said my friend Eugenius, with a look full of sorrow. I walked forward, and poor Kate continued her journey tremulously—now looking most wistfully at the lambkins, then at the trees, then at the grass—but she forgot to cast one solitary look at me. "Ah! poor maiden, thou hast experienced the treachery of man, and now thou heedest him not. Adieu! dear girl," said I. Again I cast a feeling glance on the fond weatherbeaten creature—then addressed that being who has so wonderfully constructed the universe—so nicely formed man—"Shelter the poor shivering creature thou Father to the fatherless—thou alone canst calm the agitation of the soul. May she then find in thee a balm of comfort."

Attractive is beauty ! how pleasing to stare
On one who possesses the charm !
How swift fly the hours when we're plac'd by the fair !
No cares then our thoughts can alarm.

From whence this sensation, this secret delight,
Which fills the susceptible breast ?
'Tis nature, that urges and pleads for her right,
That robs thus the mind of its rest.

But woe to the man who can wantonly try
To draw a fine girl into sin,
Who boasts of his pow'r if the maid should comply,
And laughs when her sorrows begin.

THE PRETTY GIRL.

We met her early one morn. The new pluckt rose
artlessly placed in her bosom, in vain vied with her
beauty. " And where wert thou cherished, my
lovely girl ?" said the stranger. She replied not—a
blush, however suffused her innocent cheek, and she
hied her on to a neat villa, where resided her father
and mother. " God bless thee, dear innocent,"
said I, as she left us ; and the stranger expatiated
with delight on the endearing powers of beauty,
when arrayed in virtue.

THE SCHOOL BOY

Was tripping along with his satchel on his back,
musing as he went. " Well, my lad, said I—you

are for school I presume?" "Yes sir," said he, with an air of confidence, and proceeded cheerily along. There was something bold and ingenuous in the youth—and his freedom of manner betokened an ardent mind, fraught with a sentiment of early independence.

THE VILLAGE DOCTOR.

The genuine spirit of enquiry had befriended him more than the formal professors of physic—yet he was no stranger to the precepts of Æsculapius. Possessed of a persevering disposition, acute in comprehension, and steady in counsel, the village doctor is a friend to the friendless, and sincere in his profession. Happy for mankind and society were the sons of Galen equally skilful and candid!

THE MISANTHROPE.

An austere mortal, who lived solitary in the glen, and who seldom uttered any thing but execration against society, and the treachery of the world. He never had known what was love, what was sympathy, or what was joy. Every passion, save hatred or revenge, was a stranger to his breast. That which was gloomy and mortiferous best accorded with his feelings. The soft and tender passions were by him despised. He looked upon all men as alike corrupt and vicious in their nature, and he treated them all as such. Proud too of his own in-

tegrity, he spurned the existence of this virtue in others. No benevolent motive could ever gleam through his surly mind—no feeling of charity find a place in his iron heart. Envy, distrust, and hatred, had cased it round, and it was callous to every exalted thought.

Yet still even here content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime and all its rage disarm ;
Tho' poor the peasant's hut, his feasts tho' small,
He sees his little lot, the lot of all ;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed ;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquets deal,
To make him loath his vegetable meal ;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes :
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to the steep,
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.

GOLDSMITH.

Autumn rewards the husbandman, and no less the contemplative mind ; for who can behold the operations of Divinity, and not adore the great author of every thing. Gloomy winter chilled the circumjacent all ; yet, to the ruminating mind, this very awful gloom affords a solemn pleasing theme.

The stranger quitted for a while his grot, and resided at my father's. It was now we spent the midnight lamp in study deep, nor were we inactive during the contracted day. In the morning we were wont cheerfully to range out with our guns in pursuit of game. Corvinus too had other motives than diversion alone, from a pastime of this nature. His charity would direct him to the humble roof of the sick or the indigent; he would comfort the one, and he would relieve the other. Actuated by a principle of universal charity, Corvinus was, in fact, the father of the country; his fame rose like the majestic pillar. In his conduct he realized every thing worth inculcation. In acts of humanity he delighted.

Corvinus and I were one evening returning home from the adjacent city—we heard the agitated cry of distress—we hastened to the spot from whence it proceeded, and found two ladies and a gentleman in the most alarming situation. With difficulty we extricated the strangers from impending death, and were glad to find the ladies unhurt, but sorry to discover their companion mortally bruised. Chance at this moment brought a return-post-chaise, in which we conveyed the unknown stranger to an inn a few miles distant. A surgeon was immediately called in to dress the gentleman's wounds. The unfortunate party were grateful—they acknowledged themselves

indebted for our attention, and entreated we would on the following day favor them with a call. We did so. We found the gentleman tortured with the most excruciating pains—terror shook his agonized frame! He wished to address the Great Supreme, but he knew not how to lift up his soul in prayer. He cast his eyes on Corvinus, who witnessed the agonies of his soul—he pressed his hand, and with an effervescence of contrition, exclaimed, “Oh! my God, thou art all-wise, all-perfect, and justly do I suffer the pangs of guilt!” He then seemed much composed, and in a faltering voice thus recited the early part of his life.

“Kind stranger, (said the gentleman,) in me you behold an unthinking being, whose existence, though short, has been pregnant with unpardonable error: from my infancy upwards have I violated the laws of morality. I rank with shame, as I was wont with triumph, the seduction of many innocent women. Poor Amelia E——! thy gentle spirit is before me: thy injured lover ought ever to curse me in his heart, for not to thee—ah! not to thee Amelia has he to attribute his wrongs.” The name of Amelia E—— roused every dormant faculty in the stranger’s soul; but he forgot resentment—he felt other emotions than those of hatred for the man he had cause to deprecate. A nobleness of heart forgave that which was past, and in a few

hours the miserable Col. R——* entered the confines of a gloomy eternity !

In the fair field of science let me stray, or amid the tall trees and humble shrubs. Spring again gladdened the fields with a tinge endearing to the soul : the husbandman resumed his toil, and all was harmony around. To his grot the stranger once more retired. We are not to expect striking occurrences where quietness reigns---we are not to look for the daring front of commotion in scenes of solitude. No ! there all is peace and quietness.

THE SAGE EDNOR.

Chance one day directed us to the retired abode of Ednor, age had furrowed his cheek, but then it

* The reader will remember that it was Colonel R—— who seduced from the Stranger the object of his first love. The ladies who accompanied this unfortunate gentleman were his own sisters, who had been in Ireland when his regiment landed there, on its arrival from the West Indies. From Ireland they had passed over to Portpatrick, and were journeying towards London, when the accident occurred which we have briefly described. The unfeigned sorrow and affliction of the two sisters, formed a striking contrast to the dissolute career of a thoughtless brother. Corvinus, with his wonted politeness and goodness of heart, endeavoured to sooth their grief by a mild participation in their woe ; and their sincere acknowledgment, proved that they bade us farewell with the fairest impressions that gratitude can fix on the heart.

was the furrow of age only. There was in Ednor's manners a something peculiarly engaging; his precepts flowed from an energetic mind, they evinced the substance of reason, not the shadow. Speaking of happiness, he said, "it was the goal at which we all wished to arrive—it was an eminence to which we all aspired. In the pursuit a favoured few succeeded: but alas! the great body deviated widely from the path that leads to it, and in doing so were precipitated into horrid caverns, there to howl in misery." Treating of our duties, the sage Ednor said, "that we ought to begin nothing of which we had not well considered the end. In attending to this maxim we discover, as through a glass, the light-house, and hence escape the hidden rocks." Thus, in his graver hours, the good old man discoursed; but, when he pleased, a sprightlier mood he could put on, "and laughing instruct." Monitor of my youth, well I remember thy sage precepts, and thy jocular tales, for many a sage precept and jocular tale hadst thou.

"The poor he pitied still, and still redressed."

THE GENEROUS SWAIN.

Born to a comfortable fortune, Alcander lived in his youth in rural affluence. Arrived at that period when the heart expands herself to love, he fixed his affections on an amiable young woman to whom

he was soon married. He now became settled in life. His children flourished like the tree planted by the river side, around his table—he was happy, and he wished others so—he thought he saw those that were not—he endeavoured by his generosity to banish their sorrow, but while in the goodness of his heart he alleviated their distresses, he forgot that he added to his own. “ True, (said Alcander,) I have repented my liberality when, with tears, my prattling infants have in vain asked for the comforts they had been accustomed to. I have now and then felt displeased, especially when obligated to leave the home of my ancestors, and seek shelter in an humble mansion; but still, I feel a consolation in knowing that my name is spoken of with reverence, and, although poor, esteemed, honored, and respected. Thank Providence, the gloomy cloud is fast dispelling—the prospect brightens—my children will protect me in my old age—will, I trust, render their memory respected, their names endearing to posterity: if they do, then am I amply rewarded for all my cares and all my troubles.

- “ Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine ?
- “ Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
- “ That good which makes each humbler bosom vain ?
- “ Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
- “ These little things are great to little man ;
- “ And wiser he whose sympathetic mind
- “ Exults in all the good of all mankind.

“ Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendor crown’d !
“ Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round !
“ Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale !
“ Ye bending swains, that dress the flow’ry vale !
“ For me your tributary stores combine,
“ Creation’s heir—the world—the world is mine !”

In the wide range of human woes and human bliss, how diversified the events, as well as the existence, of our lives. I had in my infancy repeatedly perused the poetry which I now subjoin, and although it then made an awful impression on my mind, little did I at that moment imagine that these tragical lines were founded on fact, or that the hermit had resided so near to the place of my nativity.

THE
HERMIT,

A LEGENDARY TALE.

WHERE Liddall rolls its lucid stream,
And rocks o’ersshade the wave,
Where ivy smiles and brambles frown,
There Nature form’d a cave.

Within this cell secluded dwelt
A man, whose life may shew
How youthful passions, uncontrol’d,
Lead to the depths of woe.

Not Liddall's glassy surface mov'd
More sweetly smooth along
Than pass'd Alphonso's early days,
Ere passions led him wrong.

Each morning careless would he rove
To breathe the balmy air,
And to the margin of the flood
Would oft with rod repair ;

Where, with the well constructed fly,
He'd lightly throw deceit,
And view with joy the lusty trout,
Lie throbbing at his feet.

Then sometimes, with destructive gun,
He'd range the fields around ;
And with him still his trusty dog
Would panting snuff the ground.

Yet oft amidst these youthful sports,
(For he'd a feeling heart,)
He'd pause, and ask his inward self
Should man thus pain impart ?

Fair shone the morning of his days,
Few cares annoy'd his breast ;
Peace still attended with repose,
His smiles pronounc'd him blest.

But short, alas ! is human bliss,
Our day is soon o'ercast !

Storms soon succeed and level all
Beneath the furious blast.

One morning when in search of game,
Where oft he us'd to stray ;
His dog soon made the well-known pause,
And pointed where they lay.

Whilst he advanced with wary step,
They loudly wing'd their flight ;
But soon his well-directed aim
Wrapp'd one in shades of night.

Another, too, his knowing dog
Perceiv'd had felt the wound,
And instant follow'd up with speed
Across the furzy ground.

Long while she did, with feeble wing,
Drag on the sting of death,
Then fell, near to a damsel's feet,
And flutter'd out her breath.

Alphonzo came, with hasty strides,
By short and well-known ways ;
But quick, as if on holy ground,
Entranc'd he stood to gaze.

The lily chased by the rose,
He view'd with mute surprize,
In sweet succession on that cheek
Illumin'd by her eyes.

For Emma was the loveliest flow'r
That ever deck'd the plains :
Whoe'er describes fair Emma's charms
Must breathe seraphic strains.

Of all that fancy e'er could form,
Or picture to the soul,
This maid partook—all charms combin'd
To make a perfect whole.

It seem'd as if great Nature had
In some gay sportive hour,
Thus modell'd out an angel's shape,
To shew weak man her pow'r.

But, like a bird, at sight of him
She hastily withdrew ;
Still mute he stood, nor dar'd he aught
But with his eyes pursue.

Peace from that hour forsook his breast,
No former sports could please ;
He felt an agonizing void,
And nought could give him ease.

In vain he pac'd whole days the ground
Near to th' endearing place,
Where first he saw the heav'nly maid,
With ev'ry nameless grace.

His brother strove to find the cause
Of this so sudden grief ;

But nought, a tender brother said,
Could yield the least relief.

With secrecy profound he fann'd
The all-consuming fire,
Which burn'd at last with horrid force
And bade all hope expire.

Some weeks he spent in fruitless grief,
At length he strove to find
With dog and gun a little change
For his distracted mind.

Pensive, and buried deep in thought,
He wander'd o'er the green,
Still fancy holding out to view
The first transporting scene.

When, raising up his head, he saw,
Or thought he saw, her form;
Strong palpitations seiz'd his heart,
And all his breast was storm.

He soon beheld with giddy eyes,
As on he trembling stepp'd,
'Twas she—and now to steal a look,
Behind the hedge-row crept.

Ah fatal look! he now drew in
Such madd'ning draughts of love,
Fix'd like a statue to the spot,
He had not pow'r to move.

Meantime sweet Emma walk'd along,
With heav'n-born gestures grac'd;
And, as if waiting for a friend,
She oft her steps retrac'd.

When suddenly a youth appear'd,
In health and vigour dress'd ;
Fair Emma sprang into his arms,
And hung upon his breast.

Alphonso could not bear the sight,
Hot frenzy shook his frame ;
He quickly snatch'd his loaded gun,
And took the fatal aim.

Then swift as lightning from the clouds,
(For ah ! he mark'd too well,)
Th' unerring shot deep pierc'd the youth,
And stagg'ring down he fell.

Alphonso hasten'd to the spot
(Already stung with shame),
But to the horrors then he felt
No tongue can give a name.

With deadly paleness look'd the youth,
And panting gasp'd for breath ;
Then " Oh my brother !" he exclaim'd,
And clos'd his eyes in death.

Fair Emma, from the time he fell
Laid senseless on the ground,

Began now to revive again,
And wildly stare around.

But when she saw her lover's blood
Down sunk her lovely head,
Convulsive heav'd her snowy breast—
She mingled with the dead.

Nought now was for Alphonso left
But fell remorse and woe :
What comfort could his conscience feel,
What rest his bosom know ?

Retiring to this lonely cave,
Where Liddall murm'ring strays ;
Thither he liv'd to sigh and weep,
And linger out his days.

Perhaps thou hast, my young friend, felt elevated by hope, or depressed with fear ; perhaps too thou hast felt pleasure from a dignity of conduct, or disquietude from the contrast ; but be that as it may, thou wilt do well to learn wisdom from the voice of experience, and to rectify thy resolves by the rules of prudence. I must own that the lines which I have just quoted had always appeared to me as a fiction ; but experience with mankind and the world taught me to be more liberal, and that it was not improbable

they might have had their origin in truth : tradition also pictured the dreary cave to have been situated on the banks of the Liddall. I had more than once shewn the lines to the stranger, who hesitated not in saying that a discovery might be made, especially as the author had in the margin described the spot in question. Corvinus and I therefore determined to explore it, and set out one afternoon on the discovery. We proceeded to the place alluded to, examined the deep recess, but had almost despaired of success, when luckily we espied a track, that betokened a path-way at some distant time. We followed it, and were taken through a gloomy glen, then to one of those deep and melancholy recesses which nature here and there hath scattered to diversify and harmonize her works. We passed forward to a vast column of jetting rocks that overhang the river. Here we paused, and examined minutely the astonishing display of a wild yet endearing scenery. The station in which we now were placed was one of those deep solitudes in which silence has taken up her abode, to which superstition retires, and to which the melancholy mind attaches ten thousand charms. Struck with reverence at the wild and solemn stilness of the spot, and meditating on the beauties of nature which surrounded us, and exploring the apertures of the rocks, we at length descried the very cell we so anxiously

looked for. The entrance was nearly concealed by a profusion of wild branches. So luxuriantly did the hazel; the bramble, and the ivy shoot, that it was with difficulty we penetrated the recess. Passing this rugged barrier, we came to another aperture in the rock presenting a very wild appearance. From hence we could just discern a faint ray of light, and by which we were directed to the interior. Nature, at first sight, seemed to have been the only architect; but on a closer inspection of this secluded cave, we perceived evident marks of human industry. There are three apartments, alike plain and unadorned, yet differing in their dimensions. There is also a fourth division varying materially from the others; it is on the right: the entrance confined, and the inscription at once points out its gloomy appropriation.

Stranger, whoe'er thou art, by chance or fate
Brought hither.—See here, in mouldering dust,
A wretch's relics.—Mark well this dismal cave
Where once secluded deep in hated woe,
Bereft of ev'ry social bliss,
Linger'd the dread unhappy parricide!

“Dismal indeed,” said I. “Wretched brother,” said the stranger. We again looked around the lone place with sorrow, then slow and pensive back retraced our steps.

A less melancholy and more endearing story.

On the romantic banks of the Esk, lived Mirinda and her lovely Lucinda, whom fame justly extolled. Corvinus visited the peaceful mansion, and was received with much respect. Their kindness and their elegant conversation escaped not his attention, and from this moment he felt himself interested in their fate. Lucinda was fair, and, to use the language of Thomson—

“ Her form was fresher than the morning rose
“ When the dew wets its leaves ; unstained and pure
“ As is the lily, or the mountain snow ;
“ The modest virtues mingled in her eyes :
“ ————— a native grace
“ Sat fair proportion’d on her finish’d limbs,
“ Veil’d in a simple robe, their best attire.”

Who then could contemplate such perfection unmoved ? Corvinus could not. From the first moment he saw Lucinda, a something more than friendship warmed his breast—love. I cannot better describe his emotions, than by inserting a few lines by a youth of my acquaintance :

A something awak’d in his breast,
He could not behold her unmov’d ;
He found that his heart was oppress’d ;
He honor’d, respected, and lov’d.
With her he at ev’ning would stray,
On her he delighted to gaze.
All objects to him then look’d gay,
Nor thought on unhappier days.

He panted—he throb'd for the hour,
To call the sweet charmer his own;
And fortune, his love was so pure,
Ere long his fond wishes did crown.

When the stranger apprized Mirinda of his intentions, she, good lady, heard them with delight, and soon was Lucinda acquainted with his friendly propositions. With downcast eyes, “ darting their humid beams into the blooming flowers, won by the charm of goodness irresistible, and all in sweet disorder lost, she blushed consent.”

But let us leave the lovers for awhile, and take a brief and faithful sketch of Mirinda's history.

By ivy circled, near the rolling flood,
A lovely pile, Mirinda's dwelling, stood:
Green woodbine wander'd o'er each mossy tower;
The scented apple spread its painted flower;
The flower that in its lonely sweetness smil'd,
And seem'd to say, I grew not always wild!
In this retreat, by memory's charm endear'd,
Her lovely child the fair Mirinda rear'd:
Taught young affection every fondling wile,
And smil'd herself, to see her infant smile.

LEYDEN.

With much confidence may we assert, it was not Lucinda's beauty alone that rendered her truly worthy of the stranger's love. She possessed a good heart, a well-cultivated mind, and was nearly allied to a very honorable family. Loveliest

of damsels! thou wast bereft of thy father at an early age, but in the tender solicitude of thine amiable mother, thou flourished a darling flower to comfort her for the many misfortunes *his* loss brought on thy house. The fate of thy honored father Colonel G—— is well known to his generous countrymen—his memory died not with him, his fame ended not with his life—the services he performed for his country's glory—his love of truth and of honor—his affection as a son, a husband, and a father—his military skill, his courage, his solicitude for the comfort and happiness of those whom he had the honor to command, added to the high estimation in which he was ever held by his superiors—the manner in which he died fighting bravely for his country—all conspired to exalt his virtue as a man, his glory as a soldier, and to record his actions with a sound “delightful to the ear of time.”

How often hath thy tender mother told thee how he died—on that fatal field where many others illustrious bled! How often has she not weeped o'er the tale of woe that kindled a direful war betwixt England and America? Ungrateful colony, unfortunate England, that confided at that juncture thy glory, thy interest, and thy strength to commanders languid and selfish, as a *Cornwallis*, a *Moir*, and a *Meadows*, can well attest. But, over the stained honor of our country, let us draw the charitable veil

of oblivion ; and let us return to Mirinda, whose constancy, and whose love, paid the last sad obsequies to a faithful husband, and a noble soldier—Thou, Lucinda, wert then in tender infancy ; still the glowing bud of reason, and the voice of nature, called even then from thine infantine eye a tear of sorrow. Estimable distillation ! With what raptures didst not thy mother then look on thee, and press thee to her bosom in all the trying agonies of pity and affection. Thy little innocent and winning smiles, gave alike grief, and pleasure—they fondly recalled the image of thy lost parent—and pictured warmly to the mind of Mirinda a happiness—the happiness of possessing thee. These were no common anxieties to an exalted mind, a tender parent, and a faithful spouse. The recollection has ever been cherished with feeling, and that poignantly. Mirinda having, as well as her grief and the circumstances of the moment would permit, adjusted some concerns that materially interested her, and collected the remains of a once splendid fortune, embarked with her domestics, on board a vessel bound to London. Sailing from New York in the month of August, 1775, the winds promised a quick and prosperous voyage, and so continued for upwards of twenty-six days ; at the expiration of which time they were in lat. 42. 10. lon. 17. 20. with delightful weather. The serenity

of the sky and the tendency of the winds bade them soon hope to see England, but misfortunes generally meet us when we least expect them, and are alike the inhabitants of the ocean as the continent. In a few hours a brooding storm collected, and opened its fury against the destined ship. The hurricane continued to rage more and more, and in defiance of every exertion had soon dismantled the vessel, now tossed at the mercy of the waves. In this awful suspense our helpless mariners for several hours, expected every moment to be dashed in pieces; but it was the will of Providence that their vessel should so far ride out the storm, as to reach the coast of Spain. Here too impending ills awaited them, for scarce had they discovered land before they were rapidly driven amongst the frowning rocks, where no hopes, save the most distant, remained for their preservation. The swift succeeding occurrence of the waves, and the ungovernable state of the ship, bade them expect no more to view the canopy of heaven; but, as if a kind Providence had watched over their destiny, were they at this critical moment extricated from a watery grave—an extraordinary indulation of breakers dashed the vessel firm on the rocks, and hence were the unhappy mariners enabled to reach the shore. Ah! Lucinda what then were thy fears, and the feelings of an affectionate mother?—faint and shipwrecked,

totally bereft of the remains of a tolerable fortune, the only pittance left you by a generous soldier, and nought but desolation in all directions! Yet from thy very fears did Mirinda continue to derive consolation. "Whilst my Lucinda lives," said she, "misfortune cannot make me altogether wretched, and fortune and the will of Heaven may yet make me happy."

The coast on which they were cast away lay contiguous to Combado, and near to the ancient castle of Altimeria, the residence of Don Molina, a noble Spaniard, who had witnessed their perilous situation from the battlements of his castle, and had hastened down to the shore with his servants, in order, if possible, to render the unfortunate mariners relief. The generous Spaniard assisted them ardently in preserving what was valuable from the wreck, and supplied them liberally with every comfort their lamentable situation required. Add to which Don Molina treated Mirinda and her darling child with a courtesy and generosity becoming a well-bred Spaniard; and when he became acquainted with her history and name, the noble Castilian more cheerfully evinced his beneficence and hospitality. Don Molina was a soldier, had witnessed Col. G——'s bravery, and was sensible of his worth; he had experienced the Colonel's valour in the field;

—but the brave are enemies only in the field of battle.

Don Molina treated Mirinda with the utmost honor and respect whilst she staid at the castle of Altimeria; and when she expressed an anxiety to depart, this generous Spaniard urged her to visit Madrid, and to this end supplied her with money and letters of introduction to his friends in that capital. In silent, yet sincere acknowledgment Mirinda left the castle, with a heart deeply impressed with gratitude for the honorable attention she had experienced, and in a few days arrived at Madrid, where she continued to reside during the carnival. The letters with which Don Molina had intrusted her, afforded to her a very favorable opportunity of visiting the first families, and of seeing every thing in that capital gratifying to a stranger. But the death of the colonel, and the affection she felt for Lucinda, bade her hasten her journey to England. Mirinda therefore departed with a lively remembrance of that hospitality and respect with which she had been honored. In justice to the Spanish character, they certainly are the most generous and disinterested people on earth. If their religion be bigotted—if it tend to encourage indolence and treachery—it has not, however, banished integrity and hospitality from the soul of a Spaniard. From

Madrid Mirinda travelled to Cadiz, and from thence sailed to England. She arrived safely at Falmouth, and from there came up to town ; but as she had few friends in London on whose bounty she wished to intrude, she lost no time in writing to her uncle to this effect, and in a few days had the felicity to meet his kind embrace. The old gentleman had purchased for her the elegant villa in which we had first visited her, and had presented it to her as a token of his kindness and duty. Here has Mirinda resided for these fourteen years ; and so much is she in love with the spot, that no place whatever has, in her opinion, charms equal to it. It is indeed a most beautiful residence, charmingly embosomed with wood, and close by the murmuring of a fine and meandering river.

Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring ;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspis glide ;
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray ;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,
Extremes are only in the master's mind !
Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state
With daring aims irregularly great ;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by ;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd fresh from Nature's hand,

Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
 True to imagin'd right, above controul,
 While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
 And learns to venerate himself as man.

GOLDSMITH.

The artless villager will ever remember the happy day in which Corvinus conducted his lovely bride to the altar of Hymen ; for the very children strewed the path with flowerets, and every one blessed the stranger and his fair Lucinda.

*Retrospective Feelings aided by the benignant Impulse
 of Nature.*

The following beautiful stanzas were attributed to Burns, but were written by another still more unfortunate son of the muses.

Cauld blaws the blast o'er Donnaught head,
 The snaw drives snelly thro' the dale ;
 The Gaberlunzie tirls my sneck,
 And shivering tells his waefu' tale :

Cauld is the night, oh let me in,
 And dinna let your minstrel fa',
 And dinna let his winding sheet
 Be naething but a wreath o' snaw.

Full ninety winters ha'e I seen,
 And pip'd where Gor-cock's whirring flew,
 And many a day I've danc'd, I ween,
 To lilt which frae my drone I blew.

My Eppie wak'd, and sair she cry'd,
 Get up guid man and let him in ;
 For weel I wate the winter night
 Was short when he began his din.

My Eppie's voice, Oh whow ! 'tis sweet,
 E'en though she caulds and bans a wee ;
 But when its tun'd to sorrow's tale,
 Oh haith ! its doubly dear to me.

Come in, auld carle, I'll stur my fire,
 And make it bleeze a bonny flame ;
 Y'r bluid is thin, ye've tint the gale,
 Ye shou'd na stray sae far frae hame.

Nae hame ha'e I, the minstrel said,
 Full party strife o'erturn'd my ha' ;
 And weeping, in the eve o' life,
 I wander thro' amang the snaw.

• • • • •

I feel much pleasure in introducing the annexed truly poetic and elegant verses, written by King James the first*.

Whare in a lusty plane tuke I my way
 Endlang a ryver, pleasand to behold,
 Enbroudin all with fresh flowris gay ;
 Whare through the gravel, bryght as any gold,
 The cristal water ran so clear and cold,

* Transcribed from " Irving's Lives of the Scottish " Poets," a work abounding in interesting and profound erudition, and no less distinguished for accuracy than liberality of sentiment.

That it myn ere maist contynualy
A manner soun mellit with armory.

That full of little fischis by the brym,
Now here, now there, with bakkis blue as lede,
Lap and playit, and in a rout ran swym,
So prattily, and dressit them to sprede,
There curall fynis, as the ruby rede,
That in the sonne in their scalis bryght
As gesserant ay glitterit in my sight.

And by the ilka ryver side alwaie
Ane hyeway fan'd I like to bene,
On which on every syde a long rawe
Of trees saw I full of levis grene,
That full of fruyte delitable were sene,
And also as it came into my mynd,
Of bestis saw I mony diverse kynd.

• • • • •

Touching, as I have done, on poetry, I need not apologise for inserting a very beautiful sonnet from the pen of *Anderson*, a young Cumbrian, worthy of every encouragement ; it is titled

THE DELIGHTS OF LOVE.

The summer sun was out o' seet,
His partin beams danc'd on the fluid ;
The fisher watch'd the silver fry,
As i' the stream he bending stuid :

The blackbird mourn'd the closing day,
And caw'd his partner to his nest;
When I up Caldew took my way,
And met the lass I aye like best.

I gaz'd upon her matchless feace,
That fairer than a lily seem'd;
I mark'd the magic of her e'e,
That wi' love's powerful leetnin beam'd;
I saw her cheek, of brietist red,
That blushing telt a lover's pain,
And seized a kiss, if 'twas a cryme,
Ye gods! oft may I sin again!

Fast flew the hours, now rouse the muin,
And telt us it was time to part,
I set her to her mudder's duir,
She whisper'd low—"Thou's stown my heart!"
I throne the lettice stole a glance,
And heard her angry mudder chide;
Then thought of aw a parent's cares,
As frae the cottage heame I hied.

I've tasted pleasures dearly bought,
And read mankind in monnie a page;
But woman, woman sweetins life,
Frae giddy youth to feeble age:
Ye fuils, aye court coy pleasure's smile;
Ye rakes, in quest of pleasure rove;
Ye drunkards, drown each sense in wine;
Be mine the dear delights of love.

I had promised to dine with an amiable family,
and accompanied with some friends I directed my

steps to the neighbouring church. Here too the humble unambitious swain approached, slow, meditative, and dejected. Poor, yet happy and tranquil. How different to the vain, the proud, or the insolent, thought I. But these are queries that fatigue on recital. Seated in the modest building, sacred to religion, we certainly heard a very pathetic and sensible discourse, and enforced with uncommon elocution and sincerity. Seldom have I listened to a pulpit oration with more pleasure. Yet methinks the reverend gentleman (critics there will ever be in religion, morals, philosophy, and in writing) might be somewhat more liberal in his theological maxims: a too rigid enforcement of passive obedience, tends rather to produce a meanness of spirit than a true Christian meekness and candour which is amiable and dignified. Christian charity is, or ought to be, universal, beneficent, and co-equal. Personal polity ill accords with its dictates: humiliating theses may with policy and with impunity be administered to slaves and to hirelings, but to those who are sensible of the blessings of liberty, and who justly appreciate the good things of the world, a more enlarged and conciliating doctrine is necessary. To men of education and of knowledge, a cold abstract theology has few charms. These are, however, truths ably inculcated in the luminous pages of that great and good man, Dr. Paley.

A MELANCHOLY VISIT.

If I mistake not it is my Lord Verulam who says, "it is at all times honorable to take advice from a friend, and no less necessary to profit by the more rigorous admonitions of an enemy. The advice of friendship is consoling; the animadversions of envy sometimes just."

I scarce know how this aphorism came across my imagination, except that the visit I was about to make suggested it. Well, so it was, I went over to P——ll, the home of my infancy, and here time has wrought a deplorable change. Returning to I——h, I made it my duty to call on the cottagers at B——. Poor souls! many of them, who were wont to work at my grandfather's, and at my fathers', and who had often carried me in their arms, had retired to the silent chambers of the grave. No more doth the daily summons of labour direct their steps o'er the dewy lawn, or through the cold and blustering storm. No more the meek calls of religion, on the Sunday's morn, lead them to the house of prayer; nor the imperious voice of necessity to toil. Peace to their humble manes, thought I, as I thus reflected on their destiny, while I slowly directed my steps in the solemn and dreary footpath.

Deceitful happiness, where then art thou to be found? I contrasted what I had just seen with the gaiety and bustle of a fashionable life. Here,

thought I, the poor man returns from his toil, and finds that comfort his wishes lead him to expect.

True it is the unambitious comfort of poverty ; yet let me ask the man of the world, or the man of study, if these are not pleasures suited to the poor man's nature, and to his wants, and consequently they give to him a happiness commensurate to his utmost wish, and an enjoyment in unison with his station. Hence in my opinion doth his lot in society become equally enviable with that of the rich. A *wise Providence* has so ordered it ; for what anxiety and tortured feeling have I not witnessed amid our leading statesmen—what anguish and disquietude to those to whom wealth rapidly accumulated—add to which what perverse fortune, and ruined health to men of fashion, or to the meddling philosopher, or inquisitive orator, who pretends to meliorate the condition of his fellow-creatures by subtle reasoning and sophisticated dogmas.

“ Let vanity adorn the marble tomb

“ With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of renown,

“ In the deep dungeon of some gothic dome,

“ Where night and desolation ever frown,

“ Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down ;

“ Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,

“ With here and there a violet bestrown,

“ Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave,

“ And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.”

BEATTIE'S MINSTREL.

A FRAGMENT.

I took leave of my young friend with a heavy heart, and rode quietly over to the home of my parents. How sensibly was my mind affected by every object which now presented itself. The feelings of infancy, and the charms of youth were gone; a kind of chaos-like malady seized my faculties, while a lethargic affection, allied to sorrow, crept through every artery, and froze the warmest circulation of the blood. Say, ye who have experienced like sensations, if this congelation does not arise from a too powerful influence of the passions? Memory had long entwined these far distant scenes—she had painted them in glowing colours—and my presence amongst them cancelled the delusion. The school to which I had so often slowly bent my steps was there, but the thoughts that then revolved were fled for ever. A commixture of woe, blended with joy, clung to a palpitating throb, and a tear of pity stole down my cheek.

Early on the ensuing morn I took a solitary stroll by the river, and with raptures descried the favourite haunt of my boyish days. Delightful recollection! it was yonder I rambled in the “cheerful morn of life” with my valued Edgar, angling patiently for the spotted trout, contemplating the wild beauties of nature, or descanting on the virtues of *Corvinus*, who resided at the cottage, and at

whose table we were always welcome. I hied me on through the romantic glens, delighted with the varied wildness of the scene, and charmed with the "swarming songsters of the careless grove." What with the responsive echo of the rolling river, the sweet warbling of the feathered tribe, and the pleasing hue of varied nature, softened by every endearing tint of happiest light and shade, I had almost fancied myself in the regions of the blest, or transported to one of those retirements where the muses carol in their enchanting destiny. Pleasurable moment! memory will ever retrace that soul-inspiring morn when imagination caught the rapture-rising thought, as the rude turrets of Gilnockie* rose in the horizon, and fancy conjured up the deeds of other days: How fleeting, thought I, the destinies of life: to-day, we bask in the vale of bliss; to-morrow comes, our dreams of enjoyment are fled, and we are languid. Farewel, ye pensile wanderings of the mind, and let me enjoy the company of Ednor the sage of Ednam. I found the venerable man seated near to his hospitable roof, and I approached him with reverence. He was reading a small manuscript, which he politely gave to me, and bade me peruse it at my leisure. I received the gift with gratitude, and soon unfolded it

* The old castle of the border chieftain Johnny Armstrong, renowned in legendary tale.

after I had parted with the good and venerable man. Amongst a variety of valuable aphorisms it contained, I found a "Treatise on the Passions," from which I feel it my duty to transcribe the following, in grateful remembrance of Ednor the Sage of Ednam.

HOPE.

Thou soother of distress, thou dernier comfort of the wretched, thy inspiring whisper fills the emulous youth with the thirst of glory, and points out immortality as the reward of superior genius. By thy bright illusions the future is clothed in the robes of paradise, which without thy magic power would be bleak as the present, and rugged and unsightly as the past.

FEAR

Is always busy in raising up imaginary, and in exaggerating the real ills of life. It disarms courage, and even fortitude; and thus leaving the mind defenceless, seeks despair from his gloomy cave and invites him to take possession.

CHARITY.

See charity advance, smiling through her tears! Her arms expanded, her heart beating high with universal benevolence. With her right hand she distributes comfort to the afflicted; her left cover

the frailties of the unfortunate with the veil of oblivion.

ENVY

Is of the same family with hatred, and is never found but in weak and contemptible minds. It is constantly accompanied by meanness and cowardice, its knawings are carried on in secret, and its attacks are always directed against excellence it cannot reach.

TRUTH

Like the refulgent orb bursting on the day develops itself at once, and drives darkness and deceit before it. The reciprocation of truth is one of the greatest blessings, as it enables the human being to approach the *divinity*, who is light and truth itself. Though arrayed in the robes of humility, truth insensibly attracts, and fixes the admiration of the beholder.

FALSEHOOD,

On the contrary, tricked out in meretricious finery, may dazzle on the first appearance, but on a nearer examination the mask falls off, and the hideous monster is discovered. Scarce any frailty to which human nature is liable is more odious and contemptible: it not only betrays a silly ignorant head, but a bad heart.

PITY,

Whose eyes distil the endearing drops of kindness, and whose softening looks smooth the brow of anger. Fierce revenge, assuaged by thy soul-subduing voice, lets fall the pointed steel, and weeps in all the anguish of contrition.

ANXIETY,

Companion alike of poverty or riches! The midnight court of majesty, and the peasant's pallet, are neither free from thy intrusions. Thou rackest the mind of the one with torturing imagery of fallen greatness; to the other thou pointest out the wants of his little family, and withdrawest his attention from those resources which a *kind Providence* has put in his power. Thrice happy he, who with a "conscience void of offence," can look on the past without remorse, and hope directed can look forward without anxiety.

CHEERFULNESS,

The smiling offspring of health and temperance, never quits the abode of her parents; she shortens the task of labour, and makes the hut of indigence itself appear comfortable; she welcomes the modest stranger to her dwelling, gladdens the heart of friendship, and ever pleased herself, can never fail to please.

HUMILITY

Is nearly allied to patience, and a virtue of the first class. It is a sure indication of worth and of modesty. By giving us an exalted opinion of the excellence of others, and a lowly opinion of ourselves, humility leads us to self-examination, and to a constant imitation of those examples of greatness and virtue we admire. This is true wisdom.

PRIDE

Is totally different from real dignity of mind : the one, by giving us a false consequence, subjects us to the greatest meanness to endeavour to support it ; the other keeps us always in mind of the duties we owe to ourselves and to others, and will never suffer us to fall below the standard of rational creatures.

TEMPERANCE

Has justly been ranked as one of the cardinal virtues, inasmuch as it is essential to health of body and vigour of intellect. It is the safeguard to religion, philosophy, and justice. It bids us avoid every thing in excess, and is hereby subservient to the promotion of every exalted virtue, and no less secures us against those malignant passions, the offspring of pride, anger, or despair.

ANGER

May justly be compared to the fury of the hurricane when the contending elements meet together : the mind being torn by the conflict of all the firmest passions, the body convulsed by the concussive shock—the smile of love and the voice of pity are alike unable to calm its rage. The angry man is evidently bereft of reason : he is dangerous in his wrath, and very terrible to himself and to mankind.

FRIENDSHIP

Has been finely termed by the poet the “sweetener of life and solder of society.” In every situation of life its consolations are requisite. Prosperity without a friend to participate is insipid, and adversity without a friend to assist or console is misery indeed. Friendship is no less productive of every moral happiness and duty, and is in all respects essential to the well being of society, inasmuch as the “world itself would be a wilderness without it,” devoid of hope, and bereft of that comfort which giveth security to enjoyment.

BENEVOLENCE.

Happy the sons and daughters of benevolence, who, influenced by the endearing ties of sympathy, cease not to extend the kindest offices of friendship,

and the godlike gift of charity. The heart of the unhappy and the afflicted dilates as benevolence approaches, for her aspect is angelic and her deportment endearing. The wretched distinguish her from afar, and her presence giveth unspeakable joy and consolation.

PARENTAL AFFECTION.

Throughout the extended bounds of the universal world, how beautifully do the planets, the elements, and in fine every thing in nature, conspire to harmony and affection; each species coagulating with its kind, and all promoting that beatitude of existence which delights, enraptures, astonishes. This is the source of love, pure and unsophisticated, and is the best gift of divinity: its balmy influence, like the fragrant zephyr, wafts happiness and comfort. It is also a source of infinite anxieties and infinite duties; and hence parental kindness is entitled to pre-eminent notice, insomuch that no other duty precedes it in the eternal scale of estimation. For *He* who giveth life and being to all things created, expecteth from his creatures due love and obedience; in like manner it behoves the child to regard with affection his earthly parent, to whom he unquestionably owes gratitude and love.

INDUSTRY.

The wisest sages of antiquity, and the soundest moralists of the present age, freely admit the vast importance of activity and industry. Industry is sedulous, void of lethargy, dissipating idleness with her train of evils, and raising monuments of greatness. It is industry that achieves that which appears impossible : it is she who continually addeth comforts to society, and who banisheth indolence and vice. Fostered by her, liberty exalts a nation, commerce wafts her sails, the arts and sciences flourish, and plenty openeth her doors to strength and contentment.

INDOLENCE.

How different is indolence, a sluggish contemptible mistress ! Her dwelling choaked with rubbish and with reptiles ; devoid of energy, embecile, listless, miserable ; a foe to happiness and virtue, the derision of the wise and the scoff of fools. Pampered by luxury, indolence is without merit, without emulation ! She skulks in oblivion, is by none honored, by none esteemed.

CONTENTMENT.

Viewing life in all its bearings, and estimating aright the nature and true import of the passions, it is evident that contentment is the offspring of tem-

perance and of wisdom. It is she that vieweth every domestic incident with pleasure, and by her sweet magic-like influence brightens the hearth of the humble peasant, or the mansion of the titled nobleman, with cheerfulness or with joy. How infinitely more precious are her gifts than the hoarded treasure of the miser ! how much more desirable than the parade of pomp, or the fleeting allurements of destructive pleasure ! Dear and modest contentment ! Oh ! that I could call thee mine for ever ! then might I live in quiet, aided by the best of passions, and befriended by the best of men. No turbulent guest to disturb my felicity, no false friend to rob me of my little competence. Then might I travel with comfort through the valley of life, and when I departed hence, then too might the sojourner say—" Here rests a contented pilgrim, who courted the humble endearments of temperance, and was happy."

THE EXCURSION.

" Sweet scenes conjoin'd with all that most endears
The cloudless morning of my tender years,
With fond regret your haunts I wander o'er,
And wandering feel myself the child no more ;
Your forms, your sunny tints, are still the same,
But sad the tear which lost affection's claim." LEYDEN.

The many natural curiosities which surround and beautify this romantic place are well worthy of attention : we therefore anticipated much pleasure

from the survey of them, nor were we disappointed. We began our discovery near to the abode of Mirinda. The vale in which her neat and elegant mansion is situated, is a most delightful one. The fragrance of the meadows, the neatness of the edifice, the well-planned gardens, the murmuring of the river, the fine bridge which o'ercasts it, the surrounding woods and the ridgy mountains, form at once, and in every direction, a pleasing and a striking picture. Walking amongst these interesting objects, we arrived at the old castle well known in the annals of legendary, as the retreat and residence of *Johnny Armstrong*. Here we stopt sometime, and minutely inspected Gilnockie Hall, once the scene of many a care, and many an act of chivalry, blended with honor and with cruelty. This rude building is now mouldering fast—the levelling hand of Time presses hard upon it—and were it not that a noble family have deigned to re-adorn its walls, soon would it have sunk a dismal ruin. From this bold, yet antique edifice, we traced the river upwards. The Esk all along murmuring, and falling vehemently o'er its rocky channel, conveys to the mind a delectable, or a sorrowful picture of human vicissitudes. The scenery that surrounds the traveller is uncommonly picturesque: it combines almost every thing, either connected with the beautiful, or allied to the sublime, and is positively worthy of a pencil equal to that of Salvator Rosa.

There are many comfortable villas, both on the adjoining banks, and in the pastoral valley through which the interfluent and transparent Esk meanders; and whilst these elegant cots rise to ornament this happy spot, a thousand pleasing ideas call to recollection a thousand endearing incidents relative to their possessors. Here the faithful lover, the dutiful son, have alike realized the tender tie of affection and of love. Here the aged parent smiles o'er the tale of distant woe. Here the happy swain lives in happy quietude. Here too the statesman and the warrior, far removed from the camp and the court, live great in virtuous solitude.

This favoured spot has given generously to our country several bold and intrepid commanders. Nature has bountifully decked it with her choicest beauties, and the native genius of its sons, unlike the offspring of Italy, do infinite honor to their native soil. Literature is here cultivated with avidity, and her votaries ably conducted through its arduous paths. Long have the schools been highly distinguished, and long have the masters retained a well-earned fame; hence that daring genius which points to honor, and hence too that perseverance which gives to genius its best reward.

Near to the bridge, which o'ercanopies the river in one bold arch, we found Ramsay, a man of forbidding look, a scholar, and a fisherman. His manner is peculiar, his gait commanding, and his ap-

pearance altogether eccentric. He more resembles a hermit than a companion of society ; yet his conversation, when he pleases, is dignified and instructive. He seems to have imbibed powerful sentiments of misanthropy, and to cherish these sentiments with a harmless resolution. The better qualities of the heart still prevail, and in this singular man are strongly portrayed the active will, the noble propensity, and the fickle frailties of human nature.

After leaving Ramsay's cottage, we proceeded on to Langholm Lodge, lately built, and at present one of the seats of his grace the Duke of Buccleugh, a character dear to the sacred names of honor, friendship, and benevolence. Langholm Lodge is embosomed by pastoral mountains—is a fine modern building, prettily decorated in the interior, and the pleasure-grounds are laid out with taste. In short these descriptive lines may justly be applied to it:

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills

Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,

And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills,

And vacant shepherds piping in the dale :

Meantime unnumber'd glittering streamlets play,

And hurl'd every way their waters sheen ;

That as they bicker'd thro' the glade,

Tho' restless still themselves a lulling murmur made.

THOMSON, CAST. IND. CANTO 2d & 3d.

Wandering for some time amongst these fine pastoral dales, and retired scenes, we left them with regret; and having ordered our servants to be in readiness, we seated ourselves in the sociable, and passing quickly along the winding road we soon arrived at our own residence. During our absence the two Miss S—ts had honored us with a call, and expressed a particular wish to see us. The younger of whom, a lady of superior beauty and taste, had left a few poetical pieces, the perusal of which afforded us much pleasure. I need only transcribe two of the poems to prove that it was a pleasure arising solely from the truth and simplicity of the poetry.

ETHEL,

THE DAFT LASS O' LOGIE.

Who is yon poor shivering maiden?
Her pallid cheeks hath sickness or hath sorrow prey'd on:
She seems forlorn;
See how the storm
Bends her thin form;
And with what tremulous hand she holds her scanty plaid on.
Ah! now 'tis torn!

Dost thou, by youth's false promise cheated,
Expect to find
In human kind
One faithful mind,

When by that faith self-interest were defeated ?
Hear how poor Ethel was entreated,
And give thy expectation to the wind.

She was Lord Norval's only daughter,
And many a wealthy baron sought her ;
To these still cold,
Her heart she sold
To a poor youth for love : she told
With simple smile, that gen'rous love ne'er taught her
To value gold.

But while her prospects all were smiling,
Fortune was but the maid beguiling ;
A sudden storm doth guide
Its faithless tide ;
And, crush'd in all his pride,
Forsaken, poor, at ruffian fate reviling,
Her father died !

The mother, with a fever'd heart fast breaking,
Saw one by one each trusted friend forsaking
Their spoil'd abode ;
She, too, no firmness shew'd,
Stern frown'd her pathless road ;
And quite o'erwhelm'd, and to despair betaking,
She dropp'd life's load.

And Ethel, mild as dews that weep in morning,
An orphan was, exposed to fortune's scorning ;
And yet (transcendent fair !)
Nought could impair
Her lofty air,
That shew'd a mind, which virtue's hand adorning,
Had gifted rare.

But had not Ethel still a grateful lover ?

No ! grateful hearts are not of human race :

Soon as he did her fortune's wreck discover,

Her lately high-priz'd face,

And beauteous form, lost all their grace—

He left the trusting maid, and play'd the rover.

O miscreant base !

Yet she, 'mid all these hardships bending,

Her brother rears ;

His tender years

With no parental arm defending

Seem'd left to her : the boy she cheers,

And for his sake, all selfish sorrows ending,

She dries her tears.

Far from their scene of woe removing,

On proud self-conquest bent

Fair Ethel went ;

For him, each toil of labour proving,

Six years were spent ;

And mem'ry, lull'd by virtue's smile approving,

Bestow'd content.

When lo ! that infant-peace invading,

Her lover came,

Profess'd a flame

To Ethel's high-soul too degrading

To win its aim ;

But by this shock, each grief her breast pervading,

Renew'd became.

Insult, she thought, was worse to bide than sorrow ;

Worse than her fate, who for the morrow

No shelter knows !
And when a hand beloved throws
The jagged arrow, those
Who brave't must more than mortal firmness borrow,
Or sink beneath their woes.

But Ethel's brother would with fond affection
Kiss off each tear ;
The grateful youth would say, with pleased reflection,
'Tis now my turn to cheer !
His youthful heart thy cynical inspection
Sure need not fear :
O visionary, hear !

By bribery bought, the villain's schemes he aided ;
And when these fail'd,
And nought prevail'd
To move a mind by virtue firm persuaded,
With a new horror see her breast assail'd :
This boy, whom she from poverty had shaded,
Left her to fate, and with her lover sail'd.

And as their vessel fast receding
From her strain'd sight,
She saw with wild affright,
All desolate, her bosom bleeding,
Seem'd plung'd in night ;
And crush'd by woes on woes so fast succeeding,
Her reason vanish'd quite.

O vengeance ! may that brother's years increasing
No comfort see !
May every vulture of remorse unceasing
His partner be !
Hot youth ! thou need'st not pray for ought increasing

The wretch's misery :

Lo ! I am he !

Strange as my crime, the punishment severer

All speech defies !

I would be kind, would gladly strive to cheer her ;

But whene'er she spies

Atrocious me (in vain remorseful !) near her

A horrid brightness fills her eyes,

And she like lightning flies.

Once, only once, she ventur'd near me,

(With leaves and flow'rs fantastic she was spread ;)

She wildly smil'd, and then by phrenzy led,

With nod defiant thus she said ;

“Thou profer'st love ; but know I hate thee—fear thee

“And why art thou afraid ?”

Thou'rt like my brother, whom I lov'd so dearly ;

The cruel, cruel brother, who from Ethel fled !

Youth ! thou'rt untried ; thine eye of hope is beaming

With confidence elate ;

But trust not man, e'en pity, gen'rous seeming

A selfish feeling is ; and such my state,

I seek it from remorse t' escape ;

For who remorse can hide ? but world with horrors teeming !

Remorse and pity, both

May come too late.

A CURATE'S TALE.

UNSKILL'D am I in polish'd phrase,
To decorate my tale;
And Nature's eloquence decays
In life's declining vale.

And ah! how little is there here
To grace a poet's song,
Were life disclos'd in words sincere,
And cheating fancy gone!

Alas! the promises of youth,
Are dipp'd in Fancy's dyes,
And soon the season comes when truth
Declares them gaudy lies.

Mine was an humble pastor's lot;
My little flock were poor;
And barren was the scanty spot,
Before the curate's door:

But soon I trimm'd the scanty green,
And till'd the barren soil;
And soon were peace and comfort seen
Before my door to smile;

For young and active too was I,
My wishes were my own;
I had not learnt for wealth to sigh,
Which I had never known.

But brightly burnt my social fire ;
Gay smil'd my garden green ;
And I could ne'er enough admire
My flow'rs, where weeds had been.

And dearer did I joy to trace
(My simple flock among)
How in the ways of truth and grace
The feeble hearts grew strong.

Each morn our suppliant hands we rais'd
To be by virtue blest ;
Each eve our maker's name we prais'd,
And happy sunk to rest.

My daughter, now my fondest care,
To rising goodness grew ;
And those who call'd her passing fair,
In sooth but call'd her true.

Her courteous manners none could see,
But wish the damsel well ;
Yet dearer was the maid to me
Than words can ever tell.

Some kindred feelings nature bears
Which will not be repress ;
And he one only child who rears,
Loves her for all the rest.

The single rose that decks the green,
Is more the peasant's pride
Than all in artful gardens seen,
Where wealth and plenty bide.

O cruel, from his little hoard
That boasted flow'r to tear !
O base to share his temp'rate board,
And leave a poison there !

Yet such the cruelty I prov'd,
And such the treach'rous part
Of him, my gentle maid who lov'd,
And stole her guileless heart.

Just sixteen summers had she seen
In innocence and peace ;
And ev'ry charm of gay sixteen
Gave sweetness to her face.

In song, in dance, in frolic glee,
None could with her compare ;
An ever-dimpling cheek had she,
And spirits light as air.

The song, the dance, the jest went round
As wont, at close of day ;
But my sweet songstress was not found
To share the harmless play.

At morn, the peasants all repair
Their wonted toils to ply :
Each father had his darling there,
Save poor deserted I.

Three tedious weeks my child I sought,
But sought her still in vain ;
O ! thou ungrateful one, I thought,
To give thy father pain—

Who loves thee with such tender love—

O righteous heav'n she came!

With rap'trous silence long I strove,

And thought no more of blame,

I held her fondly in my arms

And bade her nothing fear;

And lightly talk'd of past alarms,

Since she again was near.

But ah! no ans'ring smile she gave;

In tears her cheek was drest:

I strove her penitence to save,

And chidings were suppress'd.

Still, still her tears incessant fell,

And silent was her tongue;

And nothing could her tremors quell,

Though round me still she hung.

Oh weep not child! but join with me

To thank thy heav'nly guide,

Whose guardian arm has shelter'd thee

From perils past, I cry'd.

Then first in agony she wrung

Her hands so pale and cold,

And with a faint and falt'ring tongue

The dreadful tidings told.

Oh! now I mark'd her alter'd mien,

Her dim and hollow eye:

Seduc'd, abandon'd, she had been!

And but return'd to die.

I knew her heart, to virtue true,
 Could never merit blame ;
And art refin'd, alone, I knew,
 Had brought my child to shame.

And soon I hush'd my anger wild,
 My sorrow's fruitless moan ;
And strove to sooth my ruin'd child,
 For peace and comfort gone.

But nothing that my love could try
 Avail'd her breast to cheer :
She shrunk abash'd from ev'ry eye ;
 She dreaded still to hear,

From ev'ry greeting tongue, some word
 That hinted her disgrace ;
And nothing, nothing could afford
 The wretched suff'rer peace !

And next disease the victim seiz'd,
 All human aid was vain ;
Yet still chastising Heav'n was pleas'd
 To lengthen out her pain.

Stretch'd on the bed of slow decay,
 My child, so blythe of late,
Saw life's gay morning fade away,
 Nor murmur'd once at fate.

The lips that seem'd but form'd to smile
 Now woe's composure drest,
The heart that knew nor care, nor guile,
 Now one sad thought possest.

That thought was death, and death arriv'd,
My sweetest *blossom* fell :

Oh ! why and wherefore have I liv'd
My darling's death to tell ?

The storm, which all its saplings tore,
Has spar'd the aged tree ;
And never, Fortune, canst thou more
Inflict a pang on me !

I have my Anna's grassy tomb
With flow'rets fair inlaid :
I watch them, as like her they bloom,
Like her I see them fade.

And still, as spring renews again,
Their colours fresh and gay ;
And still, as winter strips the plain,
And bids their sweets decay.

I joy to find another year
Of sad probation o'er !
And if weak nature drops a tear
To joys that are no more,

By faith inspir'd I fervent give
To seraph Hope the wing,
And see my sweetest Anna live
In everlasting spring !

O Thou ! by Nature taught
To breathe her genuine thought
In numbers warmly pure and sweetly strong !
O chaste unboastful nymph, to thee I call
O sister meek of truth !
To my admiring youth
Thy sober aid and native charms infuse:
Tho' taste, tho' genius bless
To some divine excess,
Faints the cold work till thou inspire the whole—
Thou, only thou canst raise the melting soul.
I only seek to find thy temp'rate vale,
Where oft my reed might sound
To maids and shepherds round,
And all thy sons, O Nature ! learn my tale.

COLLINS'S ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

We had yesterday an agreeable excursion by the
luculent and winding Esk, and were to-day much
interested with the rugged scenery overhanging
the gloomy meanderings of the Liddall. Doctor
Armstrong was born on its banks, and has grate-
fully acknowledged its beauties in these lines :

—Such
The Esk o'erhung with woods ; and such the stream—
On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air,
Liddall, till now, except in Doric lays,
Tun'd to her murmurs by her lovesick swains,
Unknown in song ; tho' not a purer stream
Thro' meads more flow'ry, or more romantic groves,
Rolls towards the western main. Hail sacred flood !
May still thy hospitable swains be blest

In rural innocence, thy mountains still
Teem with the deecy race, thy tuneful woods
For ever flourish, and thy vales look gay
With painted meadows, and the golden grain.

Liddall, though little known in song, has long been celebrated as the scene of many a mortiferous broil, during the various intestine feuds that horrid-like marked the wars of England and of Scotland. Then its bold cliffs and impenetrable woods formed a stubborn barrier to each contending foe. Then too, were its waters often stained with deadly gore. These were fierce and barbarous conflicts—unhappy period! How endearing then the change—how conciliatory the well-cemented bonds of generous union. Now do the borderers sleep in peace; no daring ruffian to molest their home. They live quietly under a well-poised government; and if their joys be few, their wants are few also. In many respects they may not unjustly be termed poor, and hardy sons of content. They certainly more resemble the Swiss than any of the inhabitants of England; for, like the Swiss, they are laborious, yet they do not at present value their liberties as do the descendants of a *Tell*. This apathy might, however, be easily accounted for. The Cumbrians are unquestionably a free and hospitable people, notwithstanding the prevalence of superstition, and that pitiful policy of certain characters, which tends to depress the native force of genius and of virtue. But the time is fast

approaching, when superstition will cease to intimidate, and when the self-created power of lordlings will be of less importance and less attended to.

In this retired and rugged neighbourhood, are several old castles*. They are venerable but dire-

ON THE BORDER HISTORY.

* This tract of country, extending from the Frith of Solway to Berwick on Tweed, is infinitely diversified in its history. Even prior to that era in which Severus built the vast wall from Solway to Newcastle, was this district the scene of incessant war and rapine, and so continued until, happily for England and Scotland, a well poised union gave birth and confidence to a more conciliating spirit of peace and of honesty.

In the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, the borderers were more particularly dreaded for their treachery and ferocity. In these ages they were literally a set of freebooters, and outlaws from both nations, without honor, and without honesty. They lived on plunder, and were themselves liable to the most precarious subsistence. Terrible and uncertain was their destiny. Camden has described them as "bold marauders, seeking with much cunning to rob and destroy their neighbours," and other writers bear the strongest testimony to his assertion. It were, however, tedious to give extracts from ancient records on a subject so cruel and repugnant to the feelings of a more enlarged civilization; suffice that we refer the reader to Hutchison's History of Cumberland, and to the recent pages of Mr. Walter Scott, who has judiciously collected and edited several interesting ballads characteristic of their pursuits. This gentleman's own poem, "*The Lay of the last*

ful monuments of the feudal system, and stand surly vestiges of the past. The historian, and the antiquarian may hereafter examine them with interest, but the feeling mind will always regard them with pity.

“ I see the combat through the mist of years,
“ When Scott and Douglas led the border spears ;”
And Noble Percy, with his martial train,
With more than vulgar glory fir’d each swain,
“ The mountain streams were bridg’d” with pallid dead
“ Dark Ancram’s field was dyed with deeper red,
“ The ravag’d abbey rung the funeral knell,
“ When fierce Latoun, and savage Evers fell.”*

But to return to the noble Corvinus and his

Minstrel,” is a fine specimen of ballad writing, and marks with uncommon boldness the manners and customs which anciently prevailed on the borders of England and Scotland. Glorious mention is repeatedly made of the chieftains, *Scott, Douglas, Car, Maxwell, Percy, Dacre, and Howard*. These were the heads of many powerful clans, and eminently distinguished in the annals of chivalry. The castles of *Branksome, Green Cavers, and Cessford*, long bore the streaming banners of *Buccleugh, Douglas, and Ker*, those of *Warkworth, Naworth, and Gilsland*, the proud insignia of the barons *Percy, Howard, and Dacre*.

* The ingenious author of these lines will discover a material alteration in their tendency, serving to soften the sanguinary feuds of local, and national prejudices. CAR-
RUTH.

amiable Lucinda “ We left them happy and we ever find them so.”

Soon after the agreeable and dignified union Corvinus received a letter from his steward, announcing the death of Sir H—— L——, (who had, as we have already observed, by stratagem and bribery crept into the legislation of his country) and further intimating that all were unanimous in wishing Sir Charles H—— (meaning our stranger) in a situation from which they had heretofore so unjustly rejected him. Corvinus gave this intelligence, as it deserved his serious consideration :---he saw urgent reasons to hasten his departure,---he wrote his friends to this effect, and in a few days this valuable gentleman, accompanied by his lovely spouse, her mother, myself, and two servants, bade adieu for awhile to yon peaceful plains. On the day of departure we took an affectionate leave of our friends, and in a few hours had got to Carlisle, where we remained over-night.

On viewing the city walls, it forcibly occurred to us, that man is ever boasting of the advantages of liberty, while he is no less anxious to deprive his fellow-creatures of that advantage. Society in this respect resembles the rude, or polished face of nature. Poverty is an affliction, nor is luxury unattended with danger. Every thing seems unstable but truth. Look back to Greece, the nurse of heroes, rigid in virtue, and victorious at Mara-

thon and Thermopolie—proudest Athens, great in learning and honor—exalted Rome, mighty in the annals of power—these, these are no more!—they are all sunk the victims of luxury, and their proud fate is sealed with the iron stamp of tyranny. Luxury, like the deadly hemlock, infuses into states a lethargic poison which enervates, destroys—once fallen time envelopes the mightiest empires. Memory, or the page of history alone, conjures them up to venerate that spot where exalted virtue emulated to glory.

We got to Penrith on the succeeding evening, and were fortunately directed to the home of two young ladies, with whom we took tea and supper. During our visit a most pathetic tale was unfolded to us, and the stranger's sensibility bade him redress so far as was in his power, the wrongs of the innocent orphan, from whom oppression was ready to snatch the best gem of happiness—parental solicitude and affection.

From the snug and endearing little town of Penrith we proceeded to Kendal, from thence to Lancaster, and I assure you it was with no inconsiderable reluctance we passed through Cumberland without visiting the far-famed lakes. This is, however, a pleasure we anticipate at some future time, and I most sincerely wish that we may soon be enabled to accomplish the journey with comfort and satisfaction.

The traveller will be highly interested with the castle at Lancaster, certainly a fine gothic building, and rendered pre-eminently worthy of inspection by its diversified and important history.

After dinner we continued our journey by way of Preston, a town flourishing in a vast influx of cotton manufactories, and much celebrated for the extraordinary enterprise of several individuals therein resident. It is nevertheless but too certain that an encrease of manufactories encrease also immorality, and enervate a people. It evidently produces a ratio of population not only less vigorous, and healthy, but disseminates a laxity of moral as well as physical firmness. Unlike the genuine strength and native virtue of agriculture, it resembles more the pampered fop, or meretricious coquette, yet still it must not be denied that it is directed by philosophy. The various works and machines which we inspected are astonishing: they move by so perfect an equipoise, and are so exquisitely connected in their universal operation as to bring to mind the wonderful formation and revolutions of the planetary system.

Near to Preston is the charming village of Walton. With this spot Lucinda was greatly delighted. Tristram Shandy happened to lie on our breakfast-table, and the perusal of chapter 30th gave to us a lesson of consolation. "Sterne," said Corvinus, "is a writer of uncommon quaintness, of infinite

philosophy, and so fraught with a recondite excellence of humour and satire, that every judicious reader will freely admire his wit and learning, while he laments many of his foibles."

Leaving this town, we soon arrived at Manchester, which presents another vast monument of human industry; yet this town is deplorably uncomfortable, the inns are gloomy and unpleasant, and the inhabitants in general devoid of good breeding and philanthropy.

We had now got to Dissly, a place fit for innocence and love, when contrasted with Manchester; and from hence hied to Buxton, a fashionable and genteel summer resort, either for the invalid or those who seek after pleasure. Buxton is indeed a desirable residence at this season. Pratt's Gleanings lying on the parlour window, gave rise to a conversation on the merits of his writings. Corvinus attributed to them considerable praise. "Productions like his," said he, "afford to the mind a rich repast; they affect the heart, as doth the soft or variegated landscape. His philanthropy and anxiety in the cause of virtue is worthy of our grateful notice. Few, indeed, feel more warmly interested in the beauties of nature, and few writers inforce with such sincerity the generous and dignified precepts of kind-heartedness."

Coming on to Derby, we then went to Leicester, and from thence to Northampton. This seems a

thriving district, and the sight of spreading, and well cultivated farms impress the mind with loyal and patriotic sentiments. Let then the discontented travel and meliorate their cankered feelings. The happiness they will every where see, the industry and wealth of a generous people, added to the inspiring beneficence of nature will tend much to convince them of the fallacy of their sordid reasoning, and cannot fail to make them better citizens, and more useful men.

Leaving Northampton early on the morning, we directed our journey towards Worcestershire with much pleasure, and on that evening arrived at E—— Castle, where we were greeted with joy. I remained at the castle till Christmas, and should indeed have staid longer had not Sir Charles hied him to town in order to discharge those duties so incumbent on a member of the Imperial parliament. I may here observe with the utmost pleasure and confidence, that the once kind stranger is now no less distinguished in public for manly integrity, than in private for every virtue that adds a lustre to the dignity of man. His loved Lucinda is the admiration and honour of every company to which she is introduced; her very appearance evolves a benignant and virtuous sensation. She is every where caressed and esteemed, and this to Corvinus is a source of the purest pride and exultation.

“ Know then, if ills oblige thee to retire,
“ Those ills solemnity of thought inspire.
“ Did not the soul abroad for objects roam,
“ Whence could she learn to call ideas home?
“ Justly to know thyself—peruse mankind;
“ To know thy God, paint Nature on thy mind.
“ Without such science of the worldly scene
“ What is retirement? Empty pride or spleen!
“ But with it wisdom—there shall cares refine—
“ Rendered by contemplation half divine.
“ Trust not the frantic or mysterious guide,
“ Nor stoop a captive to the schoolman’s pride:
“ On Nature’s wonders fix alone thy zeal;
“ They dim not reason when they truth reveal.
“ So shall religion in thy heart endure,
“ From all traditionary falsehood pure;
“ So life make death familiar to thy eye;
“ So shalt thou live, as thou may’st learn to die;
“ And tho’ thou view’st thy worst oppressor thrive,
“ From transient woe immortal bliss derive.
“ Farewel—nay stop the parting tear—I go!
“ But leave the muse thy comforter below,
“ He said—instant his pinions upward soar—
“ He lessening as they rise, till seen no more;
“ While contemplation weigh’d the mystic view,
“ The lights all vanish’d, and the vision flew.”

SAVAGE.*

* It is but just and prudent to apologize for being thus copious in my extracts from a poet whose excellencies, whose misfortunes, and whose faults, will long be remembered. The life of *Savage* was one continued range of dis-

Having laid before you the preceding incidents, I am sure you will form no unfavorable estimate of the stranger's character: but to elucidate it some-

sipation, or of poverty. Still his writings and his abilities ensured for him an eminent rank amidst the list of men of letters and of genius. How often, when reading his memoirs, have I not called to mind those of the unfortunate *Dermody*, who so recently lingered out a chequered existence. Poor fellow! he too was a native of Ireland, and a genius of no common attainments. Inconsistent and heedless, yet his heart beat warmly in the cause of virtue. He, like *Savage*, trod often in the path of penury—he, like *Savage*, was generous when fortune was kind. Let us then be charitable, and forget their imprudence and their follies.

The poet *Dermody* was easily distinguished by his wildness of look, and his tattered garb. His genius darted a bold thought of congenial feeling o'er the domains of nature—now would it soar in æther, or penetrate into the dark and unknown regions—at times the inhabitant of a garret, at others the governor of a first floor—a foot-ball for fortune, or a demigod in rhyme. The reader will contemplate his muse with candour, and will ask with fervour—Can you, dejected soul, write verses so elegant, so refined? Education once polished his mind, the world his manners; but bad company latterly cancelled both. Yet see the poet bountifully rewarded for a copyright—as a son of the muses, generous—his heart exults at his good fortune, not that he estimates the money, but that he now has the power of doing a liberal action. Why, thinks he, this golden store will never vanish, and fraught with intoxicating fame, spurns.

what further, I shall adduce his own sentiments as applied generally to gentlemen of learning or of fortune.

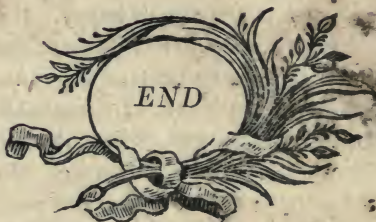
“ When we have it in our power to benefit society,” said the stranger, “ to soften the labours of industry, and to ameliorate the cares of humanity, and yet neglect to do so, assuredly our conduct is then reprehensible, and unworthy the protection of that *Being* who has given to us every thing, and who can as easily withhold *these* blessings from us as we can overlook the wants of our fellow-creatures. Besides, it is an incumbent duty to be charitable to all men, and to cultivate the seeds of friendship and benevolence with truth and sincerity. It is no less our interest to be kind and affectionate to those who are nearly allied to us. A want of this universal charity is an evident proof of a grovelling mind ; it betokens a bad heart, and is characteristic of meanness and pusillanimity. Neither is it enough that gentlemen of fortune dispense a solitary benefit. This the misanthrope not unfre-

every thought of æconomy. A poet’s soul is ever alive to sensibility—his hand ever willing to assist the needy. A few moons revolve, the poet is again poor—his riches have all fled—again precarious are his meals—but still too noble and too proud to beg—despising poverty while poor, and amid his necessities planning anew some emanation of the mind.

quently does, from a principle of revenge or of cowardice. He fancies that benefits so bestowed may screen him from public censure, or that they may tend to debase and destroy a noble spirit of independence.* But the man of integrity and honor spurns every thought that is dastardly or selfish. He does good from principle, and he looks for no compensation, save the applause of his own heart, and the good opinion of the world. He enjoys the comforts of independence, and endeavours to make those around him equally happy. He wishes rather to promote a spirit of intelligence and freedom amongst his tenantry than that abject demeanor so congenial to a little mind. He is sensible of the advantages of liberty, and desirous of seeing his fellow-creatures enjoy this advantage. His superiors and his equals in fortune or in title admire the rectitude of his life, and the nobleness of his heart; whilst his inferiors respect and venerate his name. Such a character is in truth entitled to honors, and worthy of esteem, when on the contrary that of the titled libertine, or selfish tyrant, debaseth the human being, and instead of exalting, dishonours a free and generous government. Impressed there-

* The reader is respectfully referred to the fifth volume of Mr. Pratt's Gleanings, for some valuable hints on this subject.

fore with the importance of this truth, let it be our study to imitate the brightest exemplars of virtue, and to pursue with ardor the path of honor and of glory.



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